PIONEERS OF OUR FUTURE

THE LIVES AND TIMES
OF
WALTER D. STUMP
(1886-1960)
AND
CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP
(1886—1970)

VOLUME II
A MARCH INTO HISTORY
1914-1923

FAMILY
HISTORY
STUMP
V. 2
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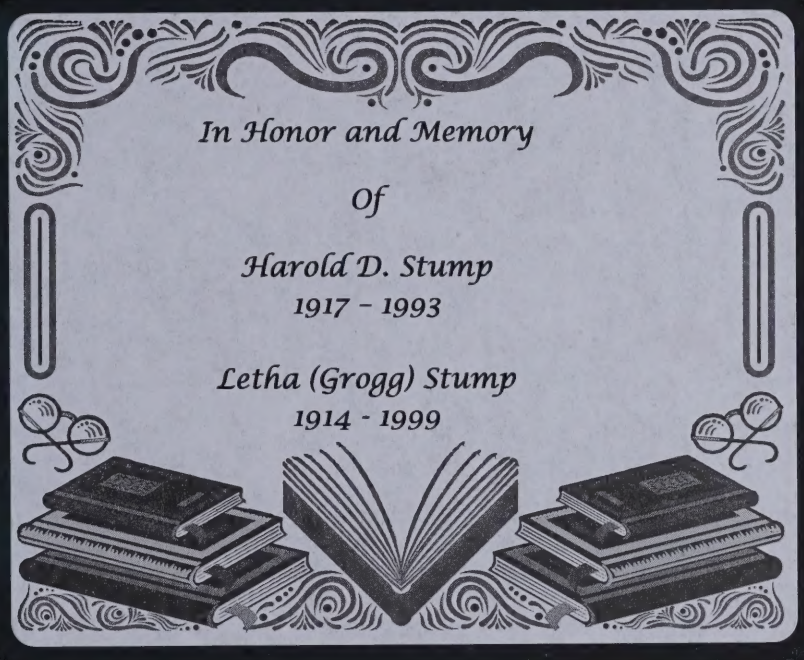

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VOLUME II:

A MARCH INTO HISTORY

1914 -- 1923

"AND YE SHALL HEAR OF WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS...FOR NATION SHALL RISE AGAINST NATION AND KINGDOM AGAINST KINGDOM..."

MATTHEW 24:7

MARCH, 2009

"Those who are alive receive a mandate from those who are silent forever. They can fulfill their duties only by trying to reconstruct precisely things as they were, and by wresting the past from fictions and legends."

...from the acceptance speech by the Polish poet, Czeslaw Milosz, the winner of the 1980 Nobel Prize in Literature... Czeslaw Milosz died in Krakow, Poland in 2005 at the age of 93 after living through the rise and the fall of Communism and the Nazi occupation of Poland where he witnessed the slaughter of the Warsaw Ghetto's entire population of men, women, and children.

THE MARRIAGE

OF

WALTER D. STUMP

AND

CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK

APRIL 29, 1911

CLEMENTINE AND WALTER D. ON A SUNDAY STROLL DURING THEIR COLLEGE DAYS AT TRI STATE UNIVERSITY IN STEUBEN COUNTY, INDIANA

THE WEDDING OF WALTER D. STUMP AND CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK --- APRIL 29, 1911

THE WALTER D. AND CLEMENTINE (HARTSOCK) STUMP FAMILY TREE (1886 – 2009)

WALTER D. STUMP
(1886 – 1962)

CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK
(1886 – 1970)

MARRIED:
APRIL 29, 1911

--- SON ---

Eleanor Eloise Buzan
(1918-1991)
Married to Harold D. Stump (1943-1948)

Harold D. Stump
(1917-1993)

Letha Mae Grogg
(1914-1999)
Married to Harold D. Stump (1968-1993) Letha's son, Delano Cordell Troyer

Philipine (Buss) Stump
Married to Harold D. Stump (1950-1966) Philipine's daughter, Karen (Russell) Stump Chapman

Carolyn Maria Stump
(1947 ----) Harold and Eleanor's daughter;
Married to Daniel Frank Tomanica 1970-1982

Husband: Married from 1988 to present:
Kenneth Herbert Olson
(1942 ----)
Children by Ken's Marriage to Janet (Schalow) Olson:
Christine Virginia Olson
(1968 ----)
Eric Kenneth Olson
(1971 ----)

Dianna Sue Stump
(1950 ----) Harold and Letha's daughter
Married to Terry Joe Rhoads 1971-1983

Husband: Married from 1987 to present:
John Oliver Hutson
(1951 ----)
Children by Dianna's Marriage to Terry Rhoads:
Ryan Paul Rhoads
(1972 ----)
Michelle Dawn (Rhoads) Bosley
(1973 ----)
Angela Mae (Rhoads) Brannan
(1975 ----)
Children by Dianna's Marriage to John Hutson:
Seth Oliver Hutson
(1988 ----)
Stepson: John Shane Hutson:
(1973 ----)

Dianna Sue (Stump) Rhoads Hutson's and John Oliver Hutson's Grandchildren:

Ryan Paul Rhoads and Mary (Provenza) Rhoads:
Children:

Gabriel Thomas Rhoads
(Jan., 1998 ----)
Eliana Dianna Rhoads
(September, 2004------)

Michelle Dawn (Rhoads) Bosley and Jeffrey Scott Bosley
Children:

Kayla Christine Bosley
(Dec., 1993 -----)
Alyssa Joy Bosley
(Nov., 1997-----)
Luke Michael Bosley
(Jan., 2002 ----)
Rachel Marie Bosley
(Nov., 2004 ----)

Angela Mae (Rhoads) Brannan and Erik Shane Brannan
Children:

Emily Nichole Brannan
(Jan., 2002 ----)

Kylie Renee Brannan
(August 15, 2005------)
Audrey Lauren Brannan
(August 15, 2005------)

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Cover Picture: Walter D. Stump and Clementine (Hartsock) Stump with their infant son, Harold D. Stump, in December, 1917 while W.D. was on leave from the Army.

These documents and letters were found in the archives of Walter D. Stump and Harold D. Stump and were transcribed and printed using the original manuscripts. Upon reflecting about the service of his father during World War I, Harold D. Stump always talked about publishing his father's prolific correspondence during that time as a record of the human toll that war exacts upon individuals, families, and nations. It remained for W.D.'s granddaughter, Carolyn (Stump) Olson, to fulfill Harold's request in 2009 by editing her grandfather's memorabilia for this four-volume history entitled, PIONEERS OF OUR FUTURE.

T THE STUMP MEN: CHARLES, WALTER D., DANIEL D., AND HAROLD D. ----1924

THE STUMP SAGA

1914 --- 1920

May the stories and the images of World War I within these pages provide a legacy and an inspiration for the youth of today, so unacquainted with circumstances that have bequeathed to them so great an inheritance.

WALTER D. STUMP -- LAW STUDENT....1913

HOFFMAN AND STUMP LAW OFFICE IN AUBURN, INDIANA....CIRCA 1914

W. D. STUMP

AND

"THE WAR TO END ALL WARS"

1915 ----1918

**LETTERS, PHOTOGRAPHS,
AND POSTCARDS REFLECTING
DAILY LIFE ON THE HOMEFRONT
AND IN FRANCE DURING
WORLD WAR I**

IMAGES CAPTURED……

OF BOLSHEVIKS, TRENCHES, "WILD WOMEN," AND HORSES

"THE TOLL"
by
SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

This document was found in Walter D. Stump's personal effects after his death. This article provided a rationale and a justification for the armed conflict of World War I which was to become a germinal experience in Walter's life.

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Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 7, 1914* *Number 19*

THE TOLL—By Samuel G. Blythe

DRAWN BY HENRY J. SOULEN

WHAT remains of one slaughtered man is a hideous sight. What remains of a thousand slaughtered men excites no more attention than a thousand sacks of grain. Dead men, torn men, maimed men, shattered parts of men and blood-stained wrecks of men cause small comment now in France, in Belgium, in Prussia, in Austria, in Russia—anywhere in Continental Europe where the war has been; and the appalling stories of how they were killed, or maimed, or wrecked, cause even less comment in places remote from the scenes of action. Death has become an accustomed visitor. The forms of death vary, but the multiplication of the event has made it commonplace. The theory of this modern warfare takes no account of the individual. He dies or he does not die. If he dies the sole concern is to find another man to push into his vacated place, where perchance he will die also.

Last July—only so long ago as that—these countries were at peace and peaceful. Since the early days of August death in the most frightful forms has been visiting them every minute of every hour of every day, and taking death's terrible toll—a toll so terrible that there never will be, never can be, an adequate recital of it from now until the end of time; a toll so terrible that no human intelligence can understand it, and no pen and no tongue can describe it.

It is war—such a war as the world has never seen and never should see again. It is a war that has brutalized half a world. It is a war that will daub with blood the lintel of almost every home in all Europe, and that will leave its crimson mark on the children of children yet to come.

It is war; and it has made the supreme suffering seem, in the aggregate, of as small consequence as the puny terrors of little children. The mother who has lost her son, the wife who has lost her husband, the child who has lost his father—these have their individual sorrows. The lives of these have been darkened and desolated; but, in the mass, the sensibilities of the people are dulled. The minds of the people have not grasped it—cannot grasp it.

It is too big - too hideous! The people do not get it. That is not remarkable. No mind or any collection of minds can comprehend a million of anything save relatively. How, then, can any mind or any collection of minds imagine a battle of three million men or more who are facing one another in France as I write this, and two million more who are facing one another in Prussia; and more in Belgium, and in Austria, and in Servia—facing one another with no other thought or desire than to kill one another—to slay—to exterminate?

War has passed beyond our ken. We can understand a charge, a sortie, an engagement of divisions, a bombardment. We can sense, vaguely perhaps, such a battle as Gettysburg or Waterloo; but the fighting contact of all these millions is not intelligible. So, too, is it with the toll. That is beyond us. The vastness of the horror of it dulls our sympathies as it has dulled our comprehension. One man is killed; we know him and are shocked. Ten thousand men die, and we callously say, "It is war!" and think of other things.

Let me put it another way: You live on a certain street, in a certain place, and war comes. Your neighbor's son John enlists; and so do your own son and the son of the man two houses beyond yours. They go away to war. Presently they bring back your son with a leg gone or an arm. Presently a brief "Your son has fallen!" comes from the War Office to your neighbor. Presently in your newspaper there starts from a long list of dead or wounded the name of the pride of the house two doors beyond. You get that. It is real, vital, personal.

Or these boys march up the street carrying guns, arrayed for war. Some of the enemy appear from round a corner. Firing begins. There is fierce fighting. When it is over these boys of yours are lying in the road or in the adjoining field, some dead, some wounded—and you know what that means.

From hundreds of other streets like yours hundreds of sons of other mothers march away. They go to battle. You read uncomprehendingly in the official dispatches that the center advanced or the left wing was repulsed. You read that there was a sharp engagement at some place, a daring assault at another; that the troops are intrenched; that the great flanking movement has succeeded or has failed. You read these things, and then what? Nothing. It means little.

The battle line is two hundred miles long; but on every foot of it there is the son John of somebody's neighbor, the husband of the woman up some street, the child of some mother—millions of them; and they are being wounded and killed because it is their part to be wounded and killed in order that a certain contention may prevail over a certain other contention—both of which will seem absurd in a few years—or that a certain ambition may surmount a certain other ambition, neither of which ambitions will be reckoned, in the long run, as worthy of civilized consideration. We have reverted to the primitive. The humane in us has been subjugated by the necessities of the state.

Perhaps you remember that order made by the British Admiralty a day or so after the three British cruisers were sunk by a German submarine or submarines, as the case happened to be. When the first of the three ships that went down was hit by a torpedo and began to sink, the two other ships closed in to help her and to pick up her men who were struggling in the water. They were torpedoed and they sank too. Some days after the news came the Admiralty published an order to all ships in the British Navy. That order will long rank as a remarkable exposition of the grim necessities of war. Though there was no blame for the men who gallantly went to the rescue of their comrades in arms, there was no praise.

Instead the Admiralty reminded the captains of all ships in the British Navy that the individual is of no account in this struggle. They were instructed that in future similar circumstances the duty of the commanders of all ships is to look out for their own ships and for their own men, and let the other ships do the same.

This order had the force of a reprimand. The sailors were told that when a ship, lying near other ships, is torpedoed, that ship must sink, and that must be the end of it. Because two other captains rushed in to help another ship, three ships were lost instead of one. The humaneness of it amounts to nothing. The heroism of it is nil.

What do men amount to? Nothing. What do ships amount to? Much. Men to feed cannons and to feed fishes can be obtained by hundreds of thousands. Ships can be made only by long processes of construction. A ship is something of value for offense or defense. Men—a hundred men or a thousand—are simply little flesh-and-blood units in a great scheme that does not reckon in terms of flesh and blood, but keenly computes in terms of guns and armor plate.

We read that order and made no comment other than "It is war!" The fact that the directors of this war care more for one little ship than for a thousand men was merely a consequence of conditions. Men are the cheapest of all commodities of war. Perhaps it is rightly so. Men must be sacrificed to protect other men and other women, and the institutions of all men. That is the theory and the practice. If you have a ship you may be able to prevent the slaughter of defenseless people ashore. So it becomes the greater good for the greater number; and the loss of the seven hundred men on the

Aboukir and their ship was lamentable, but not so lamentable as the loss of two more ships and their men.

That is the cold war side of it. That is part of the toll. The state is supreme. The individual is an unconsidered trifle. And the remarkable part of it is that the people themselves adopt this view. There is no protest when the lists of dead and wounded come out. There is no protest when the trains bring in the torn and bleeding soldiers. There is no protest when the liberties of the individual are restricted in every way. There is no protest over the impending and enormous tax increase in every country affected. There is no protest over anything. It is all a part of war. Nothing matters save that enough of one side or the other shall be killed to enable one side or the other to lay a heavier impost to repay that side in money for what it has lost in men.

Sherman said: "War is hell!" Butler said: "War is the sum of all human wrongdoing and holds every other possible injustice in it." Both were right so far as they went; but both understated the case. These men, great warriors though they were, knew nothing of a war like this, nor conceived it. They fought their thousands, with muskets, with small cannon; they did their part and saw the horrors, and made them.

Here, however, is a war where millions are fighting, and fighting with cannon three times as big as Sherman ever saw; with rapid-fire guns of all sorts—a regimental battery of quick-firing guns numbers twenty-four, and ten shots a minute can be fired easily, or two hundred and forty shots a minute from one regiment, and there are hundreds of regiments—to say nothing of the smaller quick-firers and the greater; the high explosives; the high-powered rifles, the tremendous advance on the medical and sanitary side; the thousand new appliances for relieving the wounded; the airships; the searchlights; the universal use of automobile transportation; the motor cycles; the wireless; the submarines; the dirigibles; the bomb-dropping areas.

Sherman Didn't Say Enough

THESE men knew nothing about war of the present day—nor did any men alive now until this war began. If Sherman's war was hell this war is a million hells, each one more of an inferno than the other.

My experience with wars has been limited. I saw some few phases of the Spanish War, but that was the total of it until I came into this zone of operations. Since I have been here I have not concerned myself with news, but have spent a good many days in watching the human side of it. After all, even though the blood of men and the tears of women and children are necessary concomitants of war, and not to be considered by the artificers of war—the professional soldiers—the shedding of blood of men and the tears of women and children are more to be regretted than the rise or fall of an empire.

I have been in Belgium and in France where, thus far, the fighting has been done; and I have been in England and in Germany, where the interests are even more vital than on the battlefields. Laying aside the cost of war—the toll it takes in money, which has come to be our standard of measurement of cost in these days—the price that will be paid, that has already been paid in sorrow and in suffering, in wreck and in ruin, in death and in desolation, in the destruction of all that makes any life worth the living, is so stupendous and so horrifying that there will be no excuse, save frank and utter barbarism, if any other nations, at any future time, resort to arms to settle a difference.

I am as keenly sensitive to the honor of my country and the maintenance of that honor as any American. I am as jealous of her rights and as zealous of her name as any other. My tendency has been to be a modified sort of jingo; but I am for peace now—peace, unless there is actual assault, actual invasion. I have heard myriad orators declaim on the glories of my country and boast of her prowess. I have listened to hundreds of we-can-lick-all-creation shouts—and I believe we can—but I am firmly convinced it is our part never to try.

No person has seen much of this war. It is too vast. No person can or will see much of it. The multitude of observers travel about and see incidents, trifles—a bit of a battle here; a few shells bursting there; hear the thunder of the guns in the distance; see the bloody straggle of a rear-guard retreat, the edge of a triumphant charge, the shelling of a little place; and mostly the after effects—the ruin of it.

The men fighting in it know only their own little parts. They hold their microscopic trench. They do their small foray. They fire their few cartridges. They work their guns. They sweep about in airships. They toil unendingly with supplies. They march uncounted miles. They shiver in the fall rains and they swelter in the sun. They grow weary almost beyond endurance. They starve and they fall sick. They are cut to pieces by shrapnel. They are torn apart by machine guns. They are eviscerated by bayonets. They are riddled with rifle bullets. They fall dead in their places and are shoved unceremoniously into shallow graves. They receive grievous wounds and are hurried to base hospitals to suffer agonies while they live, or to be thrown from their cots if they die—to make way for others suffering agonies too.

They know nothing about it save their own minute part. Their officers know nothing about it save their minute part. Their commanding generals know nothing about it save that they direct certain forces to do this and certain forces to do that. They play chess with corps and with divisions. They send hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings like themselves, with the same love of living, to frightful deaths. They push buttons and pull strings; but they do not see the results. No person sees it—all.

Even though there were unrestricted facilities for observing there could be none but partial observations made. As it is, with no facilities afforded for observation, with no sources of information save guarded official reports, the thing is as impossible as it would be incomprehensible if it could be observed.

However, there is no limit to the deductions that can be made. If one sees a hundred wounded men one knows that thousands of other wounded men are suffering the same agonies. If one watches a company of soldiers dragging themselves wearily from place to place one knows that a corps or a division of soldiers do the same thing in the same way. If one sees twenty heaps of earth that scantily cover twenty distorted and bloody things which were men a short time before, one knows that a thousand heaps of earth as scantily cover a thousand others distorted and bloody too.

If one walks through the ward of a hospital and looks at the bandaged soldiers on the cots one knows that in all other hospitals there are thousands of other bandaged soldiers enduring the same agonies. And if one sees a woman weeping at a railroad station, or in the third-class compartment of a train coming from a hospital or a cemetery, or in the doorway of a house or elsewhere, one knows that millions of other women are weeping also; for war is hell!

I went through one of the great English hospitals. The men in this hospital were not the most grievously wounded of the men in this war. They were men who had been shot in legs and arms, and in hands and shoulders, and in such nonvital parts. The men who were shot in the body—in the stomach or in the chest—or in the head were not there. Good reason for that too; for most of those died, and those who did not die were too badly torn to be taken farther than the base hospitals on the field of action. You cannot move a man with a great hole in his abdomen or his chest or his head to a far-away hospital. He must have immediate attention—on the spot.

I went through this hospital. I do not know how many wounded men were in it, for I did not ask—hundreds probably. They had bandaged legs and bandaged arms and bandaged heads. A good many of them were in exceeding pain. A good many were in no pain at all, but were disabled, either temporarily or permanently. The point is, this was but one hospital of a great number—only one; and here were men, shot and cut to pieces, who six weeks before were going about their daily tasks, with no more idea of what was in store for them and their families, and for their dependents, than they had ideas of metamorphoses of themselves into cattle or waterfowl. There they were—and why? War! War that each Alliance says was the fault of the other Alliance! War that was not necessary!

Every man who was in that hospital paid the toll, and gallantly enough; but those were not the only tollpayers; nor those in the scores and scores of other hospitals from Southampton to Petrograd. Think of the women and the children! Think of the men who cannot go to war! Think of the prostrate business; the check to industry; the collapse of commerce; the end of comfort; the cessation of those pleasures that make existence tolerable; the wreck and ruin and disaster that must come to all!

Men Who Die That the Nation May Live

THINK of this: There is not one person in Europe—not one—not many in this Eastern Hemisphere or in the Western, on whom this war will not lay an impost of some sort; from whom this war will not collect a toll of hunger, of financial loss, of sorrow, of decreased employment, of agony, of death! There is not one person in Europe who will not be obliged to pay something, sometime, somehow. There can be no escape. The toll must be collected. The people must pay.

Kipling said: "Who dies if Britain lives?" Fifty thousand die, perhaps, or a hundred thousand, or five hundred thousand. Figures mean nothing. Men will die until enough have died to end the war. The question is: Who will live that Britain, or France, or Belgium, or Germany, or Russia may live? I will tell you. Some millions of men and some millions of women and children—a good many millions; and their living will be made harder, and their days darkened, and their lives shrouded for generations, because of this war. They will live—must live; but they will live less plenteously than they have lived. They will live borne down by the crushing burden of a toll that they had no part in assuming, and that they must struggle to pay.

It is not within the theory of Lord Kitchener, who is supreme military head of Great Britain, or of General Joffre, of France, or of the generals of the Kaiser, or of the directing Russian generals, to allow any but official news of this struggle to be told. In all these nations—in Great Britain, in France, in Germany and in Russia—the army is in the saddle. The sole ambition of a military leader is to have unlimited men and resources to do with as he pleases, without the let or hindrance of publicity.

The cold brutality of the enterprise is appalling. I suppose it is necessary. Then there comes the remarkable national indifference to the ultimate. It takes only a day of war to shake a nation back to the primitive. We revert rapidly, almost instantaneously. Notwithstanding our centuries of culture, we are barbarians at heart.

Here in England, and there in France, and in thrifty Belgium, and in advanced Germany, the great mass of the people have but one wish. They want blood! They want enough blood of the others for their side to win. The whole scheme of the brotherhood of man vanished so quickly that its almost instantaneous disappearance proved how diaphanous a dream it was. Everybody is brutishly demanding the blood of his former neighbor, and brutishly exulting when that blood is spilled.

(Continued on Page 53)

To learn your taste in tobacco I'll risk ten cigars

About eighty out of every hundred men who smoke ten of my Panatelas like them well enough to keep right on smoking them. So it pays me to give ten cigars to each of the twenty in order to get in touch with the eighty whose ideas of good tobacco are the same as mine.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

It pays me so well that I am able to sell at $5 a hundred the quality of cigar you willingly pay 10c for at cigar stores.

My Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco, with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It sells for $5 per hundred, or $2.50 for 50.

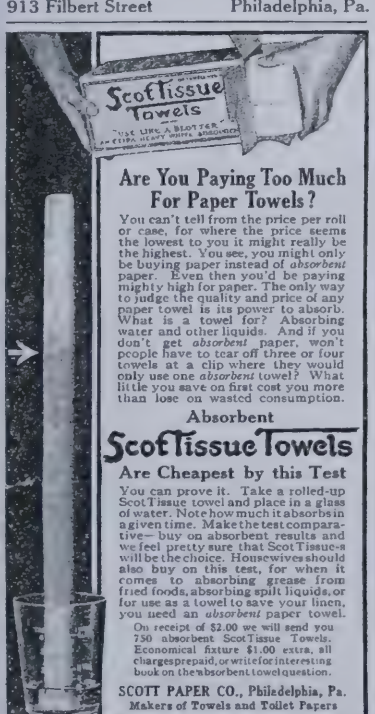
I do not sell through dealers, but do business directly with you.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Club Special is identical with my Panatela except that it is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface. Sold on the same terms as the Panatela.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.



Are You Paying Too Much For Paper Towels?

You can't tell from the price per roll or case, for where the price seems the lowest to you it might really be the highest. You see, you might only be buying paper instead of *absorbent* paper. Even then you'd be paying mighty high for paper. The only way to judge the quality and price of any paper towel is its power to absorb. What is a towel for? Absorbing water and other liquids. And if you don't get *absorbent* paper, won't people have to tear off three or four towels at a clip where they would only use one *absorbent* towel? What little you save on first cost you more than lose on wasted consumption.

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You can prove it. Take a rolled-up Scot Tissue towel and place in a glass of water. Note how much it absorbs in a given time. Make the test comparative—buy on absorbent results and we feel pretty sure that Scot Tissues will be the choice. Housewives should also buy on this test, for when it comes to absorbing grease from fried foods, absorbing spilt liquids, or for use as a towel to save your linen, you need an *absorbent* paper towel.

On receipt of $2.00 we will send you 750 absorbent Scot Tissue Towels. Economical fixture $1.00 extra, all charges prepaid, or write for interesting book on the absorbent towel question.

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

THE TOLL

(Continued from Page 4)

And what is the real cause of this war that has transformed Europe into one great battlefield and brutalized civilized peoples? If we look beyond all the immediate causes to the fundamental one, we will find it in the trade rivalry of two great nations. There are no peoples in the world who are keener after commercial advantage, after trade and the money to be made in it, than the English and the Germans. You may talk about the slowness and the stolidity of the English all you please, but there is no more wide-awake person on the globe than an Englishman when there is a shilling to be made.

Consequently when there comes, in the course of a generation, another strong, keen, productive race into competition for this trade that the British have so laboriously and so successfully established, the Englishman naturally and fervently begins to hate the German, who is taking from him some of the money and trade the Englishman feels is his by right of establishment and by right of enforced power. The German has been splitting the market with him. The German has turned a confederation of little and impotent states into a great trade-getting and money-making empire, in direct and acute competition with the British Empire; and the British resent that, as is entirely human.

And it works out exactly the same way when viewed from the German position. Germany, considering herself the greatest country in the world, thinks that any nation which interferes with her ambitions and her fortunes is her fiercest foe. The English are the people who have stood sturdily in the path of German trade. To be sure, England and Germany have done much trading with each other, because Germans are apter at cheap manufacturing, and have greater facilities and are quicker to adopt new methods; and the countries have exchanged commodities, because that was the easy and the commercial thing to do. But—and this is the important feature of it all—the British have known well enough that, if it were not for the rapid rise of Germany as a manufacturer, jobber and trader, most of the trade Germany has secured would have been England's trade.

A Serious Family Quarrel

I spent a good deal of time in England and Germany before this war began, and I have talked with many well-informed people on both sides who have been willing to talk freely. There is no doubt—notwithstanding the assumed cordiality between the countries, the blood ties between their monarchs, the constant interchange of amenities—that for years the average German has distrusted the average Englishman, and the average Englishman has maintained, in a more English way, the same sort of sentiments concerning the Germans.

The Englishman is indifferent about whipping the Austrians, except as the Austrians may be aids to the Germans. He pays no attention to them, as may well enough be, judging from their performances in the field; but, even though the Austrians were fighting well, they would be only incidental foes of the British. Conversely the Germans have no deep-seated feeling of hatred toward France; and they went after Belgium only because Belgium was in the way. When this war is over you will find that the differences least easy to compose will be the British and German differences—unless, indeed, one or the other country is crushed utterly.

The truce between these countries has been an armed truce for a long time. Twice, perhaps oftener, in the past six years Great Britain and Germany have been on the brink of war. These differences, like the present one, were ascribed to international politics, to breaches of neutrality; and this present breach has the best of reasons—the invasion of Belgium. Back of that, however, are the things I have written in the paragraphs above. Those are basic.

Historically, diplomatically and morally, from at least a portion of the historical view, Great Britain will be held impeccable, as Germany undoubtedly will find chroniclers to hold her impeccable also.

Go back of that. England and France have known for years that when this war came Germany would invade Belgium instead of trying to come up through the death traps left open for her by France. Indeed, there was a long-standing contract between

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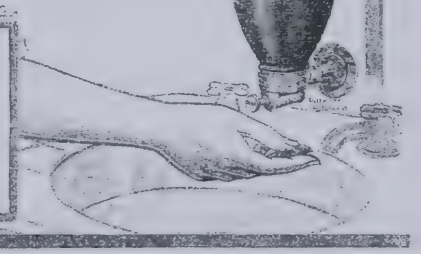

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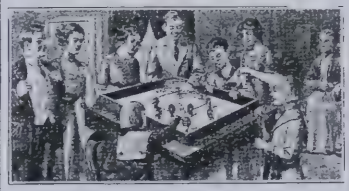

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Great Britain and France that, in case of Belgian invasion by Germany, the British Empire should put into the field one hundred and fifty thousand troops; and that is exactly what the British Empire did—and did before those outside of officialdom knew anything of the movement of troops.

What those familiar with the situation know is that the rock-bottom reason for the feeling which exists between Great Britain and Germany, and which no one familiar with the circumstances will deny, is a business reason, a trade reason, a commercial-supremacy reason. As these reasons are infinitely more vital than treaty reasons or diplomatic reasons or political reasons—as they strike at the heart of national things—the desperate nature of the toll this war will take is clear.

I was at the house of a friend in London a day or so ago to pay my devotions to his six-year-old daughter, who was celebrating her birthday. The boys and girls of the neighborhood were in. They played nothing but the game of soldiers; and they all expressed the most intense though childish feeling against the Germans. Probably it is so in Germany. These two nations, now at grips—no matter which shall be victorious—will go on and on for years in this spirit of antagonism. And so will the other nations involved. The brotherhood of man is sadly disorganized. The present war has in every aspect brutalized a continent. Whether it is to be a long war or a short war depends probably on fortune. A great victory might end it, with its consequent great defeat.

When the Polish Rubs Off

The opinion of the men who are directing it, however, is that it will be a long war; that it will last eighteen months or two years. The British are making all their calculations and all their preparations on that basis. The Germans have no idea of quitting, so far as can be seen, for months and months.

The possibility could arise, of course, that France and Russia might think they had gained enough and be ready to stop; but there is the treaty signed by the Allies pledging themselves to make peace conjointly and not separately. Austria is said to be ready to stop at any time, but cannot do so until Germany does; and poor Belgium must continue so long as anybody is firing a gun. France is doing the bulk of the land fighting in the west, with two or three million men, as against the two hundred thousand of Great Britain; but it is safe to say, notwithstanding the desires of France—provided France gets Alsace-Lorraine—Great Britain and Germany will continue the war until one or the other nation is decisively beaten.

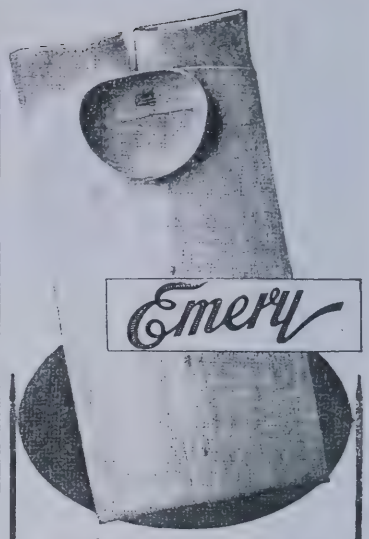
Whether it is to be a long war or a short war is immaterial. If it is a long war we shall all be super-brutes instead of just plain brutes. That is the initial and greatest toll. The veneer is off. The enamel has been cracked. Underneath we are all savages, and all with the blood instinct.

What is going to happen after the war is over? Where shall we be then? Brutalized already, will the reversion hold, or shall we jounce back to our former standards? Shall we become reveneered? Shall we repair the enamel? That is the greatest and most interesting problem of this war. That is the condition to consider. If it took us two thousand years and more to acquire this veneer of civilization, which even then was so thin it cracked overnight, can we recover ourselves at once or must it be a long process? Can we debrutalize ourselves in a short time? Can we resurrect the ideals that are shattered? Can we come back?

Will this cataclysm put us on another basis? Is it not possible that the brute will predominate for a time, having been so thoroughly roused and so effectively unleashed? Will reconstruction predicate regeneration? It seems to me, if this war lasts for eighteen months or two years, that the time of recovery will be slow. You can brutalize a man in a day, but it takes time to debrutalize him. It took many centuries to get us where we were before this war began.

Of course we have not fallen back entirely; but after a two-years' war of the magnitude of this we shall be somewhat on our way.

That is the greatest toll this war demands—not the toll of blood and treasure, though that toll will be heavy beyond conception, but the toll that will be taken from civilization—the warp and the woof that will be torn from the social fabric.



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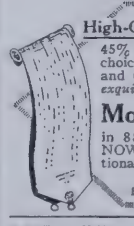

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THE CALL TO ARMS

Letter from Walter D. Stump to his infant son, Harold D. Stump, on the occasion of his birth: Camp Shelby, Mississippi: 1917

Camp Life: Fort Sill, Oklahoma: 1918

CAPTAIN STUMP AT FORT SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI

W. D. STUMP AND THE 'WAR TO END ALL WARS'

FREEDOM IS NOT A STATE, BUT AN ACT.
IT IS A SERIES OF ACTIONS WE MUST TAKE
TO SECURE THAT DREAM OF PEACE.

JOHN LEWIS

Walter D. Stump began his legal career in 1913 after being admitted to the Indiana Bar Association, and he and his bride, Clementine, settled in Auburn, Indiana where Walter could begin his practice of law and where they would make their home. As the newlyweds settled into their new community, Walter contacted P.V. Hoffman, a long time practicing attorney in Auburn, and Mr. Hoffman invited Walter to form a partnership in his law office. Walter eagerly accepted the offer, and the firm of Hoffman and Stump was established.

As Walter prepared for his future in his newly-adopted hometown, he and the other citizens of America heard the distant saber-rattling of the German Army in 1915, and he feared that his beloved country would be drawn into a European War. With the entrance of the United States into the war with the sinking of the Lusitania on May 17, 1915, Walter knew that he would risk everything.... his stable home life, the pursuit of a profession that he loved, and his lovely wife, Clementine, who was expecting their first child in October, 1917.....in order to keep the next generation safe from aggressive war-mongers, wherever they could be found. In his son Harold's words, Walter was "imbued with a sense of patriotism that has never been excelled," and Walter became instrumental in forming Company K., which was composed of men from DeKalb County. Due to his irreproachable integrity and the respect which he had earned among the citizens of DeKalb County, Walter was selected as their Captain. From 1917 until the end of 1919, Walter served in the 137th Field Artillery Regiment in training at Fort Shelby, Mississippi, Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. and at Fort Bouguen in France, and he was honorable discharged as a Captain in 1919. As confidence comes from actions that inspire trust, Walter emerged from the First World War a battle-tested man who would, in his gentle, soft-spoken demeanor, steer the course as a universally-recognized leader in civic affairs for the Auburn community for the next fifty years.

One of Walter's most character-revealing and character-building experiences was World War I, and it was against the backdrop of war that his son, Harold D. Stump, make his arrival in October 28, 1917 while Walter was stationed at Fort Sill. In his characteristic eloquent style, Walter outlined in a letter to his newborn son the reasons for his absence from the scene when Harold was born, and he promised his son that because of his sacrifice, Harold would be able to always live as a free man in a country that loved freedom. The letter which W.D. wrote has become a family heirloom of which all of Walter's descendants are justifiably proud, and a copy of Walter's pledge of allegiance to his country is included following this essay.

Walter's relationship with his wife, Clementine, was a partnership based upon mutual respect and unconditional commitment. During a two-week tour of France while overseas, Walter sent Clemmie sea shells, a strip of lace, and postcards from his various destinations in which he played guessing games with her about his whereabouts abroad. Obviously missing her companionship, he recognized the hardships that she and all relatives of servicemen have endured throughout the centuries as their men serve the nation that they love on distant shores. Clementine's affection for Walter was in the words of poet, Elizabeth Alexander, "love that casts a widening pool of light," and Clemmie cared for their infant son, Harold, and managed the family enterprises without a trace of self-pity, remorse, or hesitation. As observed in the book, Founding Mothers, Clementine did ---"with great hardship, courage, pluck, prayerfulness, sadness, joy, energy, and humor --- what women do…she put one foot in front of the other in remarkable circumstances, and she carried on."

Walter's relationship with his parents, Daniel and Jessie Stump, also was respectful and nostalgic. During his preparations to leave Fort Sill, Oklahoma for overseas duty, W.D. sent his parents several leaves from a magnolia tree which he said would never shrivel and would always be green. These leaves remain safely preserved in a plastic sleeve along with the treasured letters within W.D.'s archives….true to his prediction, the magnolia leaves are smooth, green, and untouched by the passage of time, even ninety-five years later.

In his prolific letters from his French duty station to Clementine and to his parents, Daniel and Jessie Stump, Walter comments upon the routines of the daily life of Camp Bouguen with colorful detail. He relates that he dislikes Bolsheviks even more than he dislikes "Huns," and he thinks that managing one woman is hard enough let alone the one-hundred wives, whom he called "wild women," who made their residence in camp. Walter D. was raised not to reward bad behavior in others and he pontificated readily about the error in forgiving the Huns who had begun the war unless there was ample proof of their "repentance, remorse, reconstruction, and reconciliation." Walter's words summarized the prevailing attitude toward the vanquished German Army of World War I, and ironically, the demand for reparations to the victorious nations in the Great War would be the impetus for the rise of Adolph Hitler and the Second World War twenty years later.

As the threads of the past are sewn together in this book to link us to today's world, the common vision remains a heroic one in which ordinary people are called upon to do extraordinary things, just as Walter and Clementine did in their Call To Arms of World War I. They and their descendants need only to remember that the true heroes of the past, present, and the future will come to us from the history books and not from comic books and video games. This patriotic legacy was observed when former President Ronald Reagan said, "I have always believed that there was some divine plan that placed this great continent between two oceans to be sought out by those who were possessed of an abiding love of freedom and a special kind of courage." W.D. and Clementine Stump still remain the embodiment of his words.

WALTER D. AND CLEMENTINE (HARTSOCK) STUMP WITH THEIR NEWBORN SON, HAROLD D. ---THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT WALTER SAW HAROLD -- DECEMBER, 1917

HAROLD D. STUMP'S FIRST LETTER FROM HIS FATHER, WALTER D. STUMP

CAMP SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI
NOVEMBER 2, 1917

My Dear Son,

I have just received your letter stating that you arrived in Auburn at 12:40 last Sunday afternoon, and that you and your mother are both well. We had waited for you for a long time and had almost despaired least you might be denied us. Now that you are here, you will never know the profound joy that you have brought into our lives. I am here in Camp Shelby, Mississippi, Captain in the 137th Field Artillery preparing for war. Probably by Christmas time we will be embarked on a perilous journey across the sea. We will probably be either in France or Italy, and from the way things now appear, we will likely be gone for two or three years before we return, and some will not return. The experiences which are now in store for us are mighty and terrible, the most stupendous spectacle in the history of civilization. Believe me when I tell you that the keenest delight that I could experience would be to look into your eyes before I leave the American stores. But this in all probability can not be. I will however be buoyed up by the hope of seeing you when all of these scenes are over. This will go a long, long way to alleviate the heart aches and the suffering of the camp as well as the Battlefield. During all of these trying months to come, you will be growing into life and vigor and the fond endearments of your mother. Your life will then be a Heaven-sent benediction to her and will help lift and dispel the ever present canker of dread and anxiety for my return. If however, I am not destined to see you, may my sacrifice and the thousands of others bequeath to you a decent opportunity to grow to manhood and enjoy a life rich with manifold blessings, in a world in which Democracy and Freedom as the Stars and Stripes have shown all mankind is the accepted standard in the pursuit of which there will be

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

VERY TRULY,

W.D. STUMP

Camp Shelby, Miss.
November 2, 1917.

My Dear Son;-

I have just received your letter stating that you arrived in Auburn at 12:40 last Sunday afternoon, and that you and your mother are both well. We had waited for you for a long time and had almost despaired least you might be denied us. Now that you are here, you will never know the profound joy that you have brought into our lives. I am here in Camp Shelby, Mississippi, Captain in the 137th Field Artillery preparing for war. Probably by Christmas time we will be embarked on a perilous journey across the sea. We will probably be either in France or Italy, and from the way things now appear we will likely be gone for two or three years before we return, and some will not return. The experiences which are now in store for us are mighty and terrible, the most stupendous spectacle in the history of civilization. Believe me when I tell you that the keenest delight that I could experience would be to look into your eyes before I leave the American shores. But this in all probability can not be. I will however be bouyed up by the hope of seeing you when all of these scenes are over. This will go a long, long way to alleviate the heart-aches and the suffering of the Camp as well as the Battlefield. During all of these trying months to come, you will be growing into life and vigor and the fond endearments of your mother. Your life will then be a Heaven-sent benediction to her and will help lift and dispel the ever present canker of dread and anxiety for my return. If however, I am not destined to see you, may my sacrifice and the thousands of others bequeath to you a decent opportunity to grow to manhood and enjoy a life rich with manifold blessings, in a world in which Democracy and Freedom as the Stars and Stripes have shown all mankind is the accepted standard, in the pursuit of which there will be "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men".

Very Truly,

W. D. Stevens

Harold's first letter
From his Father

WALTER D. STUMP AND HIS INFANT SON,
HAROLD D. STUMP—DECEMBER, 1917

LEFT TO RIGHT: SUE AND ALBERT STUMP (WALTER'S BROTHER), CHARLES STUMP (WALTER'S BROTHER), JESSIE SMITH STUMP (WALTER'S MOTHER), WALTER D. (HOLDING HAROLD D.), AND CLEMENTINE STUMP, AND DANIEL D. STUMP (WALTER'S FATHER)—THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT WALTER AND HIS PARENTS, JESSIE AND DANIEL D. SAW HAROLD

Thursday
Auburn, Indiana

November 1, 1917

Dear Grandpa and Grandma,

I arrived in Auburn Sunday, October 28th, 1917, on the 12:40 train. I tried my best to get here in time for Sunday School, but steam pressure got rather low and I could not make it in time.

It took me just 12 hours to get here. Mother had been up town and just got home and in bed when she received the telegram that I was coming. She had invited Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins over for dinner Sunday, but they had to eat their dinner at home, and I got the chicken on Monday and Tuesday.

Mother has named me Harold D. Stump. I weighed 9 pounds. I have a head of thick, long, light hair, blue eyes, a dimple in my chin like Daddy's and another one of my distinguished traits is my big hands and feet. I do not know how I could help that, do you? Mother and I are both feeling fine. We do nothing but eat and sleep.

The Doctor is going to take my picture soon to send to Daddy. Mother just had a letter from him, but he does not yet know he has a son. Dr. Clarke sent him a night letter Sunday evening.

Best regards to all,

Harold and Mother

Thursday

Clarksburg, Indy Nov 1, 1917.

Dear [illegible] I received your letter
Saturday Oct 28, 1917, on the
12:10 Train. I Tried very hard
to get home in time for Sunday
School but Train Failures
got Mothers Letter and I couldn't
not make it in Time.
It took me just 12 hrs to get
here. Mother died about 4 oclock
and just got home and we had
return she planned the Funeral
that I was coming. Sister
Hank invited Uncle Mis Jones
Sis for dinner Sunday but
had to eat Then started out
home, and I got the Children
on Monday and Tuesday
Mother Then was laid away

Harold Williams. I enclosed
picture I have a head of black,
long, light hair, blue eyes, a
[illegible] and brown
and mother are to [illegible]
Cincinnati Reds are my big
heroes and pals. I do not know
how I could help that do you
Mother and I are both feeling
fine, we do nothing but eat
and sleep.

Will [illegible] write
picture soon to send to Billy
Mother just had a letter from
Grace, and he does not [illegible]
he has a cold. Dr Clarke sent
him a bright letter [illegible]
[illegible]

Best [illegible]

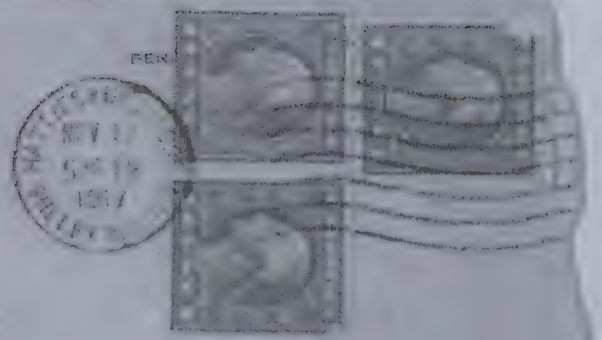
THE THREE STUMP BROTHERS:
WALTER D., CHARLES, AND ALBERT

CHARLES STUMP

SUE AND ALBERT STUMP

WAR DEPARTMENT.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.



CAPTAIN WALTER D. STUMP -- 1917

Camp Shelby, Miss.
Sunday -evening,

Dear Mother and Folks;-

I received your letter of several days ago congratulating me upon the event of my son, for which I sincerely thank you. However, it appears that your congratulation to me is more or less of a congratulation to [illegible] Grandfather and Grandfather. I do not know what [illegible] on your part that you might ever become grandparents, but I am sure that Stanley had long ago given up the idea in disgust that he might ever [illegible] all of the reports which I have of [illegible] I am sure that he must be a lad of promise. It would [illegible] much delight for me to see him before I leave there [illegible] from present indications this is not even a remote hope to be thought of, for it would lead to all the more disagreeable [illegible] There is no question concerning our going across the sea. And there is [illegible] a question when we will return. From present indications if we get back in three years, or even five years, and victorious in the end, we will be doing well. Things are in such a condition now that one cannot even venture a guess as to when the end will be, or even what it will be. I am sure that the American army has several surprises in store for the Germans when we get in shape. It will be the best army in the world, with more brains and intelligence than any German army ever had. There are frequent rumors as to when we will leave, but nothing [illegible] Likely not before Christmas, but soon after.

The weather here is ideal for this sort of work during this period of the year. Yet it is not as many of the North would imagine. We have had frosts more than half of the nights since I have been here, with ice frequently on the water in the morning. But the difference between here and the weather of Indiana, is that the sun is up only an hour or two until it is warm enough for us to take our coats off and from then on until sundown it is fine. Since I have been here we have not lost a single day from work on account of the weather. In fact it has not rained enough. The dust is quite bad, and this combined with the forest fires which are active in every direction, makes the air very foul.

I am assigned as instructor this week in signal work with the non-commissioned officers of the regiment. I am very busy all of the time with the study of the problems involved in field artillery. I will tell you of the very interesting things of the signal work later. I must [illegible].

[illegible] letter several days ago containing the check for two [illegible] save, so that I will know that it is properly taken care of.

My health is good and I am feeling fine.

With kindest regards to all, I am,

Very Truly Yours,

W. D. Stanley

CAPTAIN WALTER D. STUMP WITH HIS HORSE

CAMP SHELBY

HATTIESBURG, MISS.

Feb. 16, 1918.

Dear Parents;-

I have just received your letter stating that my boyhood playmate and life long friend, O. E. Beers, has died. This is a great shock to me. Of all of my early associates there were none for whom I have always entertained a higher regard or a more steadfast devotion. His fidelity and sterling honor ~~xxxxxxxx~~ removed all of the envy which occassionally follows in the pathway of those who are as progressive and prosperous as he was. His death is all the more brought home to me for the reason that I recently received a letter from him, about two weeks ago. He wrote me a fine letter, and the only one that I have received from my old boyhood friends in which he showed the deep devotion that was destined to live throughout the coming years. I am specially glad that I promptly answered his letter, which I am sure he received before he became bad sick Some way I can hardly believe that he is dead. I wish that you would write to me again for I might have misread your letter. I will not write to his folks until I hear from you again I will frankly admit that when I think of him a thousand happy little experiences of childhood come rushing through my memory, and almost overwhelm me. Let me hear from you promptly.

I am inclosing herein a leaf which I took today from a Magnolia tree which is standing back in the woods by the side of a little old tumble down deserted building. The tree has been standing there a century and I suppose the buildings have been standing that long.

CAMP SHELBY

HATTIESBURG, MISS.

As you will see, if the leaf does not wilt, the leaves are always green. I have been to the te tree a number of times thiswinter. You perhaps have read the beautiful poem entitled, "Where the sweet Magnolia Blooms".

I will add also that I have been in Meridian most all of this week, where I took the Thirty-Second degree in Freemasonry. I wish you had taken this work. There is nothing in all the world that you would for a moment think of comparing it to. It encompasses within its mystic veil all of the best of every phylosophy, creed or religeon, and is so much more sublime and significant than words can tell that every effort to describe it wholly fails. All o f the marks of manhood, such as honor, virtue, charity, justice generosity, and temperence, are so strongly impressed upon the minds of those who go through that they will never grow dim. Equally as important are the vows and pledges taken which consecrate and dedicate every Master of the Royal Secret to the propagation of free conscience, free throught, and free speech, together with the spreading of education and the general unlift of humanity, with which of course is associated the overthrow and final destruction of tyrany and despotism either in government or religeon. The engagements which we have taken to perform are definite and concrete, and more particularly us fellows who are destined to bear the sword from which is destined to spring these holy truths and the rights of mankind. It might be of interest to

CAMP SHELBY

HATTIESBURG, MISS.

know that nearly every officer is a Mason. A great many of the enlisted men are also Masons. Hundreds of the men and officers are Scottish Rite Masons. There are at least a hundred taking the work from this camp every month. You of course will only know by going through ~~the~~ of Scottish Rite Masonry. significance of this hour of turmoil and bloodshed, when as is were the forces of darkness are definitely aligned on one side against the children of light on the other, probably in the final great struggle. I do not despair of the final outcome, but I anticipate it will be at the price of great sacrifices yet to be made. You may be quite sure that no Kaiser or Pope, or any of their adherents, will ever be Scottish Rite Masons.

I was particularly glad to take the work here for this is the original Scottish Rite in the United States. We also came in mighty close touch with the spirit of the South and certainly enjoyed ourselves in the genuine hospitality of the Southern people. The better class of people here are fine. Our class of course largely made up of soldiers, but there was also a large number of Southern people in our class. On the 14th of February, Lincoln's birthday, a good old Southerner arose and proposed that at our class be named the "Lincoln Memorial Class"Mississippi Consistory No.1. This was indeed a very fitting and beautiful little testimonial that the South has forgotten the old days of strife and bitterness. I might add that General Whitney of this Brigade Brigade was a member of our class.

Very truly yours. W. D. Whitney

Moody's Ranch

W.D. WITH DICK AND BILL

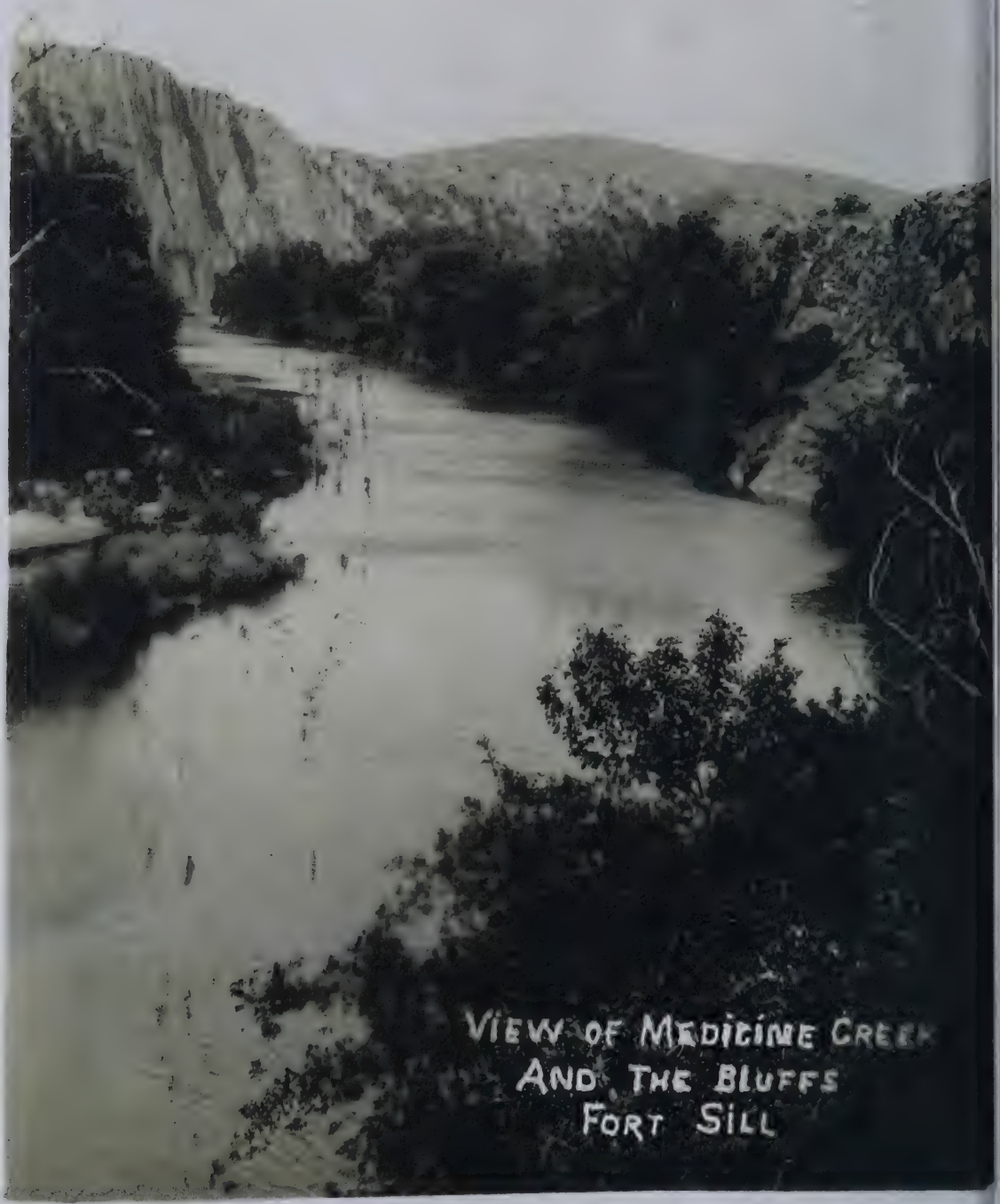
W.D. AT BLACK CREEK

LEISURE MOMENTS WITH WALTER AT CAMP

CAPTAIN WALTER D. STUMP

W.D. AT INSPECTION

CAPTAIN STUMP AT INSPECTION


VIEW OF MEDICINE CREEK
AND THE BLUFFS
FORT SILL

LETTER TO CLEMENTINE FROM CAPTAIN STUMP:

FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA
APRIL 18, 1918

DEAR C....

JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE CREEK ON OPPOSITE PAGE ON MISSION RIDGE....WHAT LOOKS LIKE ORDINARY HILLS ARE IN FACT MOUNTAINS. THIS SECTION OF OKLAHOMA IS VERY MOUNTAINOUS. SOME BEAUTIFUL SCENERY TO ONE WHO HAS TIME TO ENJOY IT.

YOU ARE NOT MAKING GOOD ON YOUR PROMISE TO WRITE FREQUENTLY.

VERY TRULY,

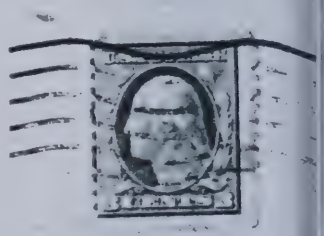
WDS

April 23, 1918 at 11 A.M.
From: Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Dear C.

The picture on the reverse side is a common sight in this part of Oklahoma.. I saw several yesterday. Am getting along very well and still hard at it. I would be glad to hear from you a little oftener. With best wishes for all.

I am, very truly
WDS



July 14, 1918.
Camp Shelby, Miss.

My Dear Wife;-

I have been out in the country this forenoon making a reconnaissance with the view of conducting artillery maneuvers this coming week. I had a fine ride on my new horse. The horse I am now riding is surely a dandy. He is fairly"high-lifed", as pretty as a peach, and some stepper. How would you like to ride him? We also found some fine artillery maneuvering ground which we hve not used yet. You could be interested to know how we do this in modern warfare. Well, we have maps of all the battlefront. The range triangulation of the Army Corps have detachments all along the front getting new data for revision of the battlemaps. So that each day the officers receive from the army Corps a new map of their sector. The location of the enemy is shown on the map. It is then up to the officers to locate themselves on the map and calculate all of the firing data from the map many times. Of course the firing data is not always determined from the map even in trench warfare problems. In order to be able to do this with facility requires considerable experience and study.

I do not know any more than I did in my previous writing as to when I will leave the country. So we are going along with the samesort of preparation which we have been following for the past few weeks. Among other things we are doing lots of shooting. I wish that you could be here and see some of our work along this line.

I am sending you herewith a picture of a small part of our corrals and a distant view of our stables. The picture was not taken in such a position as to show many of the horses. The corral fartherest to the left is the one of Battery E, next to the right is Battery F, next is Battery D, These are in my battalion. You will notice the hills beyond the stables in the background of the picture. These are camps of the 137th F. A.

The Marcellaise was played by all of the Regimental Bands at Reveille this morning in honor of the French National Holiday, the one hundred and thirty first anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. The fact that it is also my birthday seems to have been more or less ignored in the orders proclaiming the celebration, a very good reason for the playing of the bands of which many people are totally ignorant. However, it was the finest demonstration on my birthday that I have ever seen.

I am glad to hear from you and Harold and all of the folks and know that things are coming along well. How is Harold getting along with the cars.

With kindest regards for all, I am,

Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stamp

THE JOURNEY OVERSEAS

Camp Life: Fort Bouguen, France: 1918 -- 1919

Letters Home and The Journey Through War-Ravaged Europe: 1918 -- 1919

SOLDIERS' MAIL. NO POSTAGE NECESSARY

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

PUT NAME FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr. & Mrs. D. D. Stump
Cromwell,
Indiana

THE SHIP ON WHICH I SAILED HAS ARRIVED SAFELY OVERSEAS.

Name Leonard Stump

Organization Co. K. 137th U. S.

American Expeditionary Forces.

CAPTAIN WALTER D. STUMP

CAPTAIN STUMP AT FORT BOUGUEN

Capt. Stump has served under me at Fort Bouguen, Brest, France, as executive officer. for these months. This officer is thorough and dependable. His loyalty is without question, and his work thoroughly satisfactory.

W.A. Taylor, Colonel

June, 16, 1919

Ft. Bouguen, Brest, France

March 19, 1919

Capt W.D. Stump served as executive officer under me for the past three months. His services have been highly satisfactory. He is an intelligent, loyal and highly efficient officer.

W.E. Wills
Captain

Remarks.

(Note: Commanding officer or any officer under whom the officer may be serving may, if he wishes, state in his own handwriting the fact that this officer has shown aptitude for any particular duty or employment, or if he has special qualifications for any particular branch of the service. A marked act of gallantry or a special duty well carried out may be mentioned. A succinct report should be made of any disciplinary action taken against this officer. These statements must be signed by the officer making the entry.)

Ft Bouguen Brest Fr Mar 19/19
Capt W.D. Stump served as executive officer under me for the past 3 mos. His services have been highly satisfactory. He is an intelligent, loyal & highly efficient officer. W.E. Wills Capt F.A.

Capt Stump has served under me at Fort Bouguen, Brest, France, as executive officer, for three months. This officer is thorough and dependable. His loyalty is without question, and his work thoroughly satisfactory. W.A. Taylor Colonel

June 16/19

Name Walter D. Stumpf

Rank Captain

Organization 137th F.A., N.G.
(State whether Reg., N. G., N. A. or O. R. C.)

Date of Birth July 14, 1886

Civil Profession Lawyer

Persons to be notified in emergency:

Mrs. Clementine Stumpf
Cromwell, Indiana.

LANGUAGES.

Speaks and translates: (a) French No.
(b) German No.

THE SHIP ON WHICH I SAILED HAS ARRIVED SAFELY OVERSEAS.

Name Walter D. Stumpf,

Organization Capt. 137th F.A.

American Expeditionary Forces.

August 1918 U.

CUNARD LINE

SALOON ACCOMMODATION

Name Capt. Walter D Stumpf

S. S. AQUITANIA OCT 1- 1918

Room B 6 Berth 1

First Sitting } Table No.
Second Sitting } Seat No. Boat No.

This card must be shown at the gangway and whenever required

LOCAL BOARD FOR
For the County of DeKalb,
State of Indiana

This Certifies that Walter D. Stump

Order No. 1438, Serial No. 1696, has been finally classified and recorded in Class 5

Warren A. Auten

FORM 1007.—PMGO
(See Sec. 110, S. S. R.)

Member of Local Board.

3—5121

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICIAL BUSINESS
PUT BOARD STAMP BELOW
FEB 13
For the County of DeKalb,
State of Indiana

PENALTY
FOR PRIVATE USE $300

Walter D Stump
~~447 So Indiana Ave.~~
Auburn, Ind.

2 Bat
137 F a
Camp Shelby Miss

SOLDIERS' MAIL.

AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTEEN SERVICE

MILITARY

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY

BACK THE BOYS IN THE TRENCHES
BUY A LIBERTY BOND
THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
INQUIRE AT ANY BANK OR TRUST CO.

THIS SIDE FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mrs. W. D. Stump
Cromwell
Indiana

HEADQUARTERS FORT BOUGUEN
BASE SECTION NO. 5, S. O. S., A. E. F.,
U. S. Army Post Office No. 716.

9 June, 1919.

Memorandum:

To avoid the rush and waiting at Mess Hall during meal hours the following arrangement and schedule will be in effect beginning June 9, 1919:

Breakfast:
7:30 A. M. to 8:30 A. M.

Lunch:		Dinner:	
1st Sitting	11:45 A. M.	1st Sitting	5:30 P. M.
2nd Sitting	12:30 P. M.	2nd Sitting	6:15 P. M.
3rd Sitting	1:15 P. M.	3rd Sitting	7:00 P. M.

Numbered tickets, good only for the sitting specified thereon, will be on sale at the ticket office in Casual Officers' Mess from 10:00 A. M. om, and in afternoon from 4:00 P. M. om.

Officers are requested to co-operate by being on time for meals.

By Order of Captain Stump,

Galeman Dexter,
Captain F. A.
Adjutant.

A true copy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

HEADQUARTERS FORT BOUGUEN?
BASE SECTION NO. 5, S. O. S., A. E. F.,
U. S. Army Post Office No 716.

June 9, 1919.

Memorandum:

In accordance with verbal orders Commanding Officer, Post of Brest, the follow ng prices and regulations will ~~xxxxxx~~ hereafter govern the Permanent and Casual Offic rs' Messes of Fort Bouguen:

Prices for Meals as follows:

Breakfast	two francs
Lunch	three francs
Dinner	four francs.

Coupon books may be purchased, payable in advance, good for two meals daily for one week at a cost of forty francs and books good for three meals daily for one week at a cost of fifty francs.

By order of Captain Stump,

Galeman Dexter,
Captain F. A.
Adjutant.

Headquarters Fort Bouguen
Base Section No. 5, A. E. F.,
U. S. Army Post Office No. 716.

10 th June 1919.

Memorandum to Commanding Officers of all Permanent Organizations:

The Commanding Officer, Post of Brest, directs that an immediate campaign be started against flies. The matter of fly screens, fly traps and fly swatters will receive immediate attention. This subject is fully covered in paragraph 5 and 6 , General Orders No. 6, Headquarters Post of Brest, copies of which were distributed to all organizations some weeks ago.

The Camp Surgeon will make daily inspections as directed in said order and will make written report daily to the Commanding Officer, Fort Bouguen, reporting any unsatisfactory conditions and making recommendations.

By Order of Captain Stump,

Galeman Dexter,
Captain F. A.
Adjutant.

A true Copy.

Headquarters Fort Bouguen,
Base Section No. 5, A. E. F.
U. S. Army Post Office 716.

June 9, 1919.

Memorandum:

The Chief Surgeon A. E. F,, has furnished this offive with pamphlets refe rence venereal disease, to be distributed among the different organizations at the rate of seven to each hundred men. Owing to the limited number it is requested that they be so distributed as to give all men of your organizations an opportunity to read them.

By order of Captain Stump,

Galeman Dexter,
Captain F. A.
Adjutant.

True Copy.

HEADQUARTERS FORT BOUGUEN
BASE SECTION NO. 5, S.O.S., A.E.F.
U.S. ARMY POST OFFICE NO. 716.

20 June, 1919.

MEMORANDUM:

1. The enclosed grounds and buildings, numbers 51 to 60, this Fort, are set aside for the families of soldiers and will be known as "The Womens Camp".

2. The grove southeast of and immediately across the road from the Womens Camp is reserved for the families of soldiers and will be known as "The Womens Park".

3. Miss Jeanette G.McP. Stewart (Y.W.C.A. Secretary) is hereby designated as the governess and the senior representative of the Commanding Officer in the Womens Camp and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

4. No Officer will enter Womens Camp or Womens Park except on duty.

5. No soldiers excepting those whose wives are present will enter the Womens Camp or Womens Park without permission in writing from this office.

6. Soldiers upon presenting identification cards signed by the Billeting Officer may visit their wives at the rest room (Building No. 51) or the Womens Park between the hours of 10:00 A.M. and 11:00 A.M.; 2:00 P.M. and 5:00 P.M., and from 7:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M.

7. Soldiers wives will not be permitted to go beyond the limits of Womens Camp or Womens Park excepting to visit the Y.M.C.A., Recreation Hut, City of Brest, K of C. Hut, these headquarters or the Post Exchange.

They are permitted and invited to attend the entertainment at the Y.M.C.A. Hut each evening at 7:30 o'clock. Those women not accompanied by their husbands will be chaperoned by a Y.W.C.A. Secretary.

They may visit Brest between 10:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M., but must have permission in writing and each woman must be accompanied by another woman of the camp or by her husband.

They will visit the K of C. Hut only upon special invitation issued by the Hut Secretary through Miss Stewart.

They will visit these headquarters only upon permission of Miss Stewart.

They are authorized to visit the Post Exchange and make necessary purchases between the hours of 1:00 P.M. and 2:00 P.M. daily.

8. Women assigned to quarters in the Womens Camp will be required to police the space assigned them.

9. Quartermaster will provide female labor necessary for police of lavatories, wash houses, bath houses, nursery, recreation room, dispensary, office of the rooms assigned to Y.W.C.A. Secretaries and Army Nurses.

10. 1st Lieutenant Thomas D. Watson, Infantry, is responsible for the Womens Mess and will after consulting with Miss Stewart issue orders governing the Mess Personnel.

11. The Surgeon will provide the necessary Nurses, equip an emergency dispensary, and after consulting with Miss Stewart ~~xxxx~~ fix an hour for daily Sick Call.

12. TheSanitary Squad and Police Squad will perform their duties at the Womens Camp between 9:00 A.M. and 10:00 A.M.

By order of Lieut. Colonel Binford,

WS/EB

Walter D. Stump,
Captain, F. A.,
Act. Adjutant.

FORT BOUGUEN
BASE SECTION NO. 5,
A.P.O. 716.

12th. July ,1919.

Pursuant to Special Orders No. 69, Headquarters, Fort Bouguen, dated July thr 11th.,1919, the Board consisting of the undersigned Officers met at 10:00 A. M. and proceeded with the duties assigned therein.

A careful investigation was made of the disturbence which occured at the Women's Camp on the night of July the 10th.,1919, in which a large number of witnesses were interviewed, among whom were the following: Captain Harry F. Douglas, Officer of the Day; Sergeant Harry M. Irwin, Sergeant of the Guard; Sergeant Astor J. Brinkoeter, Sentry on Post No. 2; Private George N. Piche, Sentry on Post No. 13; Miss Payne, American Red Cross; Mr. Pierre Kernival, a French Civilian; Madame McCafferty, the wife of an American Soldier; and his brother Mr. Edouard Kernival; and Mr ~~Porhl~~ Jean Louis Porhl, a French Civilian.

The Board finds that a certain French lady, accompanied by a French Lieutenant, came to the Women's Camp on the evening of July the 10th.,1919, to visit Mme. McCafferty and her husband. They were first in the Women's Park, and a few minutes after nine o'clock Mme. McCafferty came into the office and requested permission to keep her guests in the rest room after hours. This request was refused by Miss Payne, who was then in charge of the office, and at that time informed the guests that it was closing hour. As they did not leave, Miss Payne again informed them that it was closing hour and that it was necessary for them to leave. Sergeant Astor J. Brinkoeter, who was sentry on Post No. 2, then asked them to leave the Enclosure, but they made no pretence of leaving until he asked them the third time. When they reached the gate, they stopped and the Lieutenant remonstrated with the sergeant about being put out of the camp, when the sergeant took him by the arm and pushed him outside of the gate and off the walk. The Lieutenant drew back his fist as if to strike the sergeant when the sergeant raised his club in a threatening position. No blows were struck, and the guests both retired and left the camp. This affair was observed by two French boys, of the ages of seventeen and fifteen respectively. They became very angry and excited and uttered some exclamations to the sergeant. The sergeant ordered them to leave but they did not leave. This angered the sergeant and he promptly walked to where they were and again ordered them to leave, which they refused to do. They showed an inclination to take up the case for the Lieutenant and that they meant to fight the sergeant. One of them drew back his fists and as he did so the sergeant slapped him on the face. Just at this time the other drew back his fist and the sergeant hit him on the head with his club.

All of these incidents were witnessed by a large number of the soldiers' wives inside the Enclosure who became very frantic and quite hysterical, some of them sustaining the action of the sergeant and others wildly denouncing his action There were quite a large number of French civilians loitering in the French Reservation across the road to the east of the camp and many others passing along the roads in the camp. The confusion at the gate resulted in the hasty assembling at the gate of approximately fifty French people. The rumor quickly circulated among them that the sergeant had "brutally assaulted" two French boys and a French officer. These people became very angry and badly excited. They threw a number of stones at the sergeant, one of which struck him on the head. The sergeant called for help from the guard house. In the meantime Miss Payne succeeded after considerable difficulty in getting the soldiers' wives all into the barracks. In about five minutes the guard arrived and after a little difficulty with several of the French in which there were several stones thrown and several blows struck by members of the guard, the French people promptly dispersed, and there was no further difficulty.

P. M.

The officer of the day reached the Womens' camp at nine twenty o'clock and and the Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. Robert J. Binford, arrived at 9:30 P. M. Col. Binford at once issued orders that all of the soldiers' wives, many of whom had left their barracks at that time, whould immediately retire and go to bed; that the guard should be promptly returned to the guard house; that the Officer of the day whould sleep in the Office of the Womens' camp that night; and that in case of any difficulty of a similar nature in the future, that the sentry should immediately call for the Officer of the Day.

After a fareful and impartial consideration of the evidence the Board has reached the following CONCLUSIONS:

That the French guests and the French boys on the outside of the enclosure knowingly violated the rules of the camp by remaining in and about the camp after hours and after they had been requested several times to leave; That the sergeant on sentry Post No. 2 acted in good faith, but that he acted unwisely and with undue haste and violence; that the circumstances did not warrant the drastic methods which the sergeant employed; that the disturbance on the outside of the gate was the direct result of the unnecessary drastic methods which the sergeant employed.

Board...(Walter D. Stump, Captain F. A.
(L. H. Johnson, 1st Lt. F. A.
(John A. Sanderson, 2nd Lt. Cav.

(1) Admiral's Office.
(2) Army Headquarters and Post Office.
(3) Y. M. C. A. — Money Exchange, Stamp-Counter, Check Room and Recreation Parlors.
(4) — Restaurants.
(5) — Dormitory.
(6) — Gymnasium.
(7) — Athletic Field.
(8) — Store-House.
(9) — Stevedores Barracks.
(10) — Navy Hut.
(11) — Army Hut.
(12) — Pontanezan.
(13) Officers' Club.
(14) Navy Canteen.
(15) Patrol Office and Navy Post Office.
(16) Navy Small Stores.
(17) French Cable, Telegraph and Post Office.
(18) Army Base Hospital No. 1.
(19) Navy Base Hospital No. 5.
(20) French Marine Hospital.
(21) R. R. Stations.
(22) Market.
(23) American Consul.
(26) French Reform Church (Protestant).
(27) Saint-Louis (Catholic).
(28) Saint-Martin (Catholic).
(30) Municipal Theatre Y. M. C. A. Movies.

NEWS OF THE CAMP

THE

Pontanezen Duckboard

A PAPER FOR THE SOLDIER

Vol. 1. No. 41 — Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France, Saturday, July 19, 1919. — Prix: 25 cms.

SEPTSARGES WOOD BLOODY INFERNO FOR IVY DIVISION

Division Battles 83 Days Out of 117, Losing Nearly 13,000 Men And Capturing Many Boche

This completes the story of the operations of the Ivy Division at the front during the great war.

The passage was accomplished in the face of the enemy's machine gun nests and barrage of high explosives There were no bridges left and the men waded breast deep in water. The Germans had even placed barbed wire in the river to impede the crossing.

Outwitted Huns

On August 5th the Fourth Engineers, under the immediate command of Lt. Colonel Francis Newcomer, formed an advance party to remove wire entanglements and built a foot-bridge across the stream under the eyes of the enemy. On August 7th a concerted effort was made to swim the river and soon the artillery was busy shelling the enemy.

Although 500 Hun machine gunners, clad in American uniforms, tried to outflank the advance party of the 59th Infantry, this regiment registered the furthest advance, digging along the Rheims-Soissons Road a mile beyond the Vesle. On the night of August 11th the Fourth was relieved by the 77th Division after 27 days of marching and fighting.

The St. Mihiel Salient

After recuperating from the hardships experienced in the Marne sector, the division headed toward the east into the famous French sector, known as the St. Mihiel salient.

(Continued on page 4)

Fourth Engineer Man Saved From Death by Testament in Pocket

To have his life saved by a pocket Testament has been the experience of Musician Lee Tracy, of the 4th Engineers, a corporal in company «B» at the time of this incident.

Corporal Tracy, with a squad of ten men was quartered in an old ruined house in the devasted town of Esnes, on the night of September 26, 1918. During the «wee 'sma» hours Jerry decided he needed amusement so began to shell what was left of the town. While the show was on a «big one» landed in the house where the corporal and his men were awaiting orders to «go over». After the smoke had cleared it was found that four had been killed, six wounded and that the corporal had also received a wound. Looking himself over to find out just how bad he was hurt, Corp Tracy found that a large slug of shrapnel had lodged in the Testament he was carrying in his left shirt pocket and which otherwise would have spelled «finis» for him. After visiting a first aid station he rejoined his outfit in time to «go over the top» next morning.

The corporal has the Testament with the shrapnel in it, and prizes it above all souvenirs of «la Guerre.»

HOSPITAL AT KERHUON TO BE EMBARKATION CENTER

Base Hospital 65 at Kerhuon has been discontinued as a hospital unit. In the future it is to be used as a nurses embarkation center and will be under the jurisdiction of Camp Hospital 33.

At present there are about 700 nurses remaining in the A. E. F. and after these have embarked the personnel of the medical department remaining in France will be relieved from further duty with the A. E. F.

Approximately five hundred enlisted men have reported for duty at Hospital 33 and the Segregation Camp. An evacuation office is to be opened under the command of Captain Starnes and Lieutenant White.

VANGUARD OF 2ND DIVISION IN CAMP; FOURTH MOVING

July Troop Movements to Date 88,455; Month's Figures May Total 174,863 Men

Wearers of the Red Diamond insignia have vanished from Pontanezen and in their place have appeared the warriors of the Fourth Division, which is passing through at a high rate of speed.

Movement of the Fourth to this port was completed early yesterday morning and was followed by the van guard of the Second Division. The arrival of this division will be completed by the 23rd. The Second will be the last of the divisional troops to arrive until about the middle of August, when the Third will make its appearance.

Totals Soar

Embarkations for the month of July up to and including midnight of the 17th were 88,155.

Elsewhere is published a list of all transports in the harbor or due before the end of the month and the capacity of each. According to the present available shipping, as shown in the list, the remainder of the month without change show approximately 9,226 first-class and 77,182 third-class embarkations. This will bring the figures for the month up to 174,863 as against 169,020 for June.

CONVOY OF WAR BRIDES EXPERIENCE ROUGH TRIP

Riding for more than 24 consecutive hours in Army Reconnaissance trucks conveying a party of 86 War Brides all the way from St. Nazaire to the port of Brest, is the unusual experience of two Y girls, Miss Constance Crawford and Miss Caroline Emerson, who were asked by the Y. W. C. A., to take charge of the expedition. After riding all day and all night with small opportunity for sleep and hardly as much for meals or refreshments the convoy arrived here on Tuesday prepared to sail for America at short notice.

Included in the party were eight children, two of whom were three and four months old respectively These infants stood the arduous journey fully as well as the mothers did The Y girls will accompany a party of an even hundred war brides the latter part of the week bound for New York city.

LARGE PRISON STOCKADE BUILT AT FORT FEDERES

Company F of the 319th Engineers, on detached service at Fort Federes, have completed a large prison stockade, comprising seven barracks and a bathhouse. This stockade is to be used for the military prisoners who were formerly kept at Casemates Fautras.

The Fautras has been evacuated and passed back to the French, thus closing another link in the A. E. F chain.

SEGREGATION CAMP NOT BEHIND IN DECORATIONS

A very pretty and original design now adds beauty to the grounds at the Segregation Camp, in the form of an American and French flag crossing one another. It is composed entirely of crushed stone and brilliantly colored, and measures about fifteen by thirty feet.

Sergeant Russ of the permanent personnel is responsible for its construction.

The Red Cross Canteen at Pier Three had a busy day last Sunday when they provided comfort bags for all troops loaded. Embarkations for the day were in the neighborhood of 20,000.

Schedule of Ships Due And to Sail During Month July

	Due	Sails	1cl	3cl
F. J. Luckenbach	In	18	25	2309
Aeolus	In	18	126	3270
Zeelander	In	18	100	1600
Zeppelin	In	19	2065	4360
Haverford	18	19	96	1686
Virginian	In	20	54	4092
Canandigan	19	21	30	1335
Von Steuben	19	21	428	2812
Antigone	19	21	120	3185
Harrisburg	21	21	31	2070
Roanoke	In	23	36	1356
Minnesotan	In	23	25	2070
Santa Clara	In	23	19	1726
Pocahontos	21	23	123	2531
Texan	In	24	30	2148
Julia Luckenbach	In	24	20	2092
Santa Paula	In	24	21	2146
Troy	In	25	136	3280
Santa Rosa	In	25	36	1917
Rigndam	In	25	170	2000
Findland	In	25	188	3500
Peerless	In	26	87	2350
Orizaba	In	26	118	3900
Wilhelmina	In	27	82	1725
Siboney	19	29	168	3311
Mt. Vernon	20	30	217	3185
Leviathan	20	30	4000	9316
Mongolia	20	30	195	4437
K. F. Luckenbach	21	31	56	2277
Patricia	21	31	134	2636
30	Capacity		9,226	77,182

TWO BRIDES AT BOUGUEN HAVE HAIR PULLING GO

At present Fort Bouguen is being used for casual soldiers and their wives. Last Saturday they had a regular hair pulling contest between a French bride and a German bride and it looked for a few minutes as though the Marine guard would have to be called out to restore order.

However, due to the speed of Sergeant Bringates, the furious wives were taken into custody and given to understand that Uncle Sam required strict discipline from them as well as his soldiers.

HISTORY OF BASE FIVE AVAILABLE FOR ALL

When finished the History of Base Section Five will be for sale to all officers, enlisted men and any one else who wishes to purchase them.

If any man is mustered out of the service he may obtain one of these books by writing to Major C. M. Tobin, 52 Vassar Street, Rochester, New York.

NO ONE MAY SUBSTITUTE FOR EX-KAISER'S TRIAL

LONDON, JULY 19—No consideration will be given appeals to substitute others for the Ex-Kaiser at his trial.

FRENCH RAILROAD MEN NOT TO JOIN STRIKE

PARIS, JULY 19—Railroad men other than public utilities workers decided not to join the general strike called for Monday by the French general of the Federation of Labor.

NEW PACIFIC FLEET TO CONTAIN 75 BIG BOATS

WASHINGTON, JULY 19—The newly organized Pacific fleet will contain approximately 75 ships manned by 34,000 men and 1800 officers.

DEATH SENTENCES TO BE SUBMITTED PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON, JULY 19—Hereafter all death sentences imposed by court martials must be submitted to President, regardless of the nature of the offense.

WAR GARDENS IN A. E. F. OCCUPIED 40,000 ACRES

Were Vital Constructive Agency; Sales in One Season Reached 1,500,000 Francs

War gardens have not only been an important factor in the United States during the present war, but contrary to all expectations, they have been one of the vital constructive agencies of the A. E. F. during the last twelve months. The system of war gardens had been instituted to engage all the convalescent soldiers and horse labor that was no longer fit for front line duty. The garden service came under the Supplies Division of the Army, the produce being sold to the hospital and Red Cross Messes for its actual value.

Garden Service Companies

Professional agricultural officers were put in charge of large tracts of gardens. The enlisted men were organized into garden service companies in charge of a commanding officer. A sergeant was put in charge of a platoon of twenty-five men who were detailed to the work started in plots. The average farm consisted of about 400 acres leased from French owners, and operated by means of four or six Case tractors.

The principal crops grown on the larger farms were potatoes, cabbage and carrots which are bulky crops and would occupy a great deal of space in a ship's cargo. Numerous smaller gardens of five and ten acres were in operation immediately behind the stationary lines of advance and furnished the reserve troops with fresh vegetables. It is a fact that the army

(Continued on page 4)

First Division Will Probably Embark in First Part September

Population of Camp Pontanezen on July 18th was 7,732 casual officers, 624 permanent officers, 41,951 casual troops making a total of 50,186 men now in Camp. It is thought that the camp population will increase but little if any as ships are now in the harbor or due to arrive which will take more than than 70,000 troops to the U. S. during the remainder of the month.

The Second Division which is now arriving will the last of the divisional troops until next month. It is thought that the First Division will not partee until the first part of September.

The permanent personnel of Pontanezen will be reduced to a considerable extent, also by the middle of August.

One thousand Y workers are scheduled to embark today on the Haverford which came in last night.

OLD CAMP QUARRY SIX IS NOW DISCONTINUED

Quarry number six is now fini. The wreckers are at work tearing down the rock bins. The railroad trestle which led to the Brest Road has also been torn down and the material salvaged for use on repair work.

This quarry has supplied nearly all of the rock for the Camp roads and the road bed of the Pontanezen Railroad. Captain Fitzgerald of the Construction Department has charge of the work.

FIRE COMPANY NUMBER 3 UPHOLDS ITS RECORDS

Fire company number three made another record run, Monday, when within three minutes after they had received a call, they were pouring chemicals on a fire which started in a building on Fourth Street and Back Road. The call came twelve-thirty five in the morning.

No serious damage was done by the fire which was quickly extinguished.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Schedule of Free Y Auto Trips During The Next Four Days

Following is a schedule of free Y. M. C. A. auto trips to beautiful spots in old Brittany for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Cars leave the Navy Hut at 8:30 a. m. Tickets must be secured at the Information Desk, Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, Rue Traverse, or at the Navy Hut. A lunch is provided free to everyone on auto trips.

Monday, July 21st.

BRIGNOGAN—Through Goeushou and Folgost, towns of interesting and fine churches; the pretty city of Lesneven; the animal shaped rocks, unique druids monument and fine beach of Brignogan Home about 6:00 p. m.

Tuesday, July 22nd.

CHATEULIN—Through beautiful scenery to Le Faou, with its wonderful old houses; magnificent views of the sea and shore to Chateaulin, located among the hills on a winding canal. Return about 6:00 p. m.

Wednesday, July 23rd.

KERJEAN—To Landivisiau, Lampaul and Guimiliau with their remarkable churches; the Calvary of Guimiliau; the Chateau of Kerjean, the «Versailles of Brittany;» the grand ruins of the Chateau of Kergouruadech. Back about 6:00 p. m.

Thursday, July 24th.

HUELGOAT—Over the mountains to a territory of beautiful scenery: ravines rushing torrents, enormous boulders, a veritable fairyland. Return via the chapel of St. Herbot, the patron of the cows. Back about 7:00 p. m.

Four New Teams Added to Brest Base Ball League

Four new teams have just been entered in the Brest Base Ball League which now has twelve clubs representing nearly every organization in the Base. The U. S. S. Carola team has taken the lead by winning all of their five games played to date. Fort Federes and Kerhoun have very strong clubs and the Navy men will have to keep going at top speed to retain their present position.

Results of games played Wednesday are as follows: Motor Ambulance Pool 8. M. P. No. 285, 3; U. S. S. Carola 12, Fort Boguen 3; Camp Lincoln 4, 246th M. P. 3; Fort Federes 6, Casemates Fautras 3;

Following is the schedule of games to be played this afternoon: Fort Federes vs Fort Boguen at Fort Boguen; U. S. S. Carola vs Kerhoun at Kerhoun; Motor Reception Park vs Motor Ambulance Pool at Velodrome; Casemates Fautras vs Camp Lincoln at Camp Lincoln. Standing of the clubs to date:

Team	W	L	Pct.
U. S. S. Carola	5	0	1.000
246th Military Police	1	0	1.000
Fort Federes	4	1	.800
Kerhoun Hospital	2	1	.666
Motor Amb. Pool	3	2	.600
Camp Lincoln	2	2	.500
285th Military Police	0	1	.000
Motor Recpt. Park	0	5	.000
Fort Bouguen	0	3	.000
Casemates Fautras	0	1	.000
U. S. S. Bridgeport	0	0	.000
Camp Hosp. No. 33	0	0	.000

Self Study Courses Are Given Out Free by The Y

Educational self study courses, arranged by the Massachusetts commonwealth for Beaune University student soldiers, are now being distributed by the Flag Hut in Brest and by several of the Y. M. C. A. huts in Camp Pontanezen. The courses are of a practical nature and are so arranged and written that they can be easily understood by anyone interested in certain lines of work.

The courses offered are the following: Practical Mechanics, Concrete mixing, Paragraphing and Punctuation, Trigonometry, Plan Reading and Estimation, Salesmanship, Architectureal Drawing Free Hand Drawing, Safety Engineering, Heating and Lighting and Materials and Construction. The courses may be obtained free of charge by leaving the soldier's or sailor's name, and his address in the United States with the Y secretary.

When a man is willing to admit he is a fool, the chances are that he isn't.

In The Days of Old

"REVEILLE"
HEADQUARTERS DET
(FRONT RANK)

"A Pair of Sixes" is Enjoyed by All Camp

A Pair of Sixes, an American Farce in three acts, has been playing camp for the past several days to crowded houses and much pleased audiences. It is a lively and entertaining skit from beginning to end and features the Misses Madge West and Katherine Schenck.

This show is put on the A. E. F. circuit by the «American Over There Theatre League» under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and it has made a decided hit wherever it has played.

The cast is: Victoria Montgomery, Walter Young, Mary Hampton, Albert Perry, Bratton Kennedy, Rawn Rapsher, Madge West, Homer Miles, C. N. Mulligan and Katherine Schenck. Mr. E. B. Jack, Y. M. C. A., is managing the show.

During their week in Paris they were a never-ending source of delight to the doughboys in that city on leave. It is undoubtedly one of the cleanest and most entertaining shows to make its appearance in Camp Pontanezen.

Bora Wins From Kane in Four Hard Fought Rounds

At Fort Federes Wednesday evening the K. C. entertained a packed house with five very interesting bouts. Bora of the Paris boxing team and Kane of Base Headquarters furnished the best amusement for the spectators in their four round go. After fighting hard for four two minute rounds the judges awarded the decision to Bora.

Results of the other bouts as follows: Labois (Paris) vs Javier (Manilla) decision to Labois; Trickie (Paris vs Maximo (Manilla) draw; Jermenne (Paris vs La Claire (U. S. S. Bridgeport) decision to Jermenne; Cutler (Ft. Federes) vs McWilliams (Ft. Federes) both colored: Cutler knocked out McWilliams in the fourth round after a very hard fight. Mr. Smith of the K. C. was announcer and Sgt. Friedman of Fort Federes was time keeper.

Soldiers And Sailors Put on Clever Program at K. C

At the Carnival held by the K. C. at Camp Pontanezen Wednesday evening a interesting wrestling and boxing program was staged before one of the largest crowds that has attended any of the programs. Depace who defeated Avarlie in the final bout of the evening was easily the stellar performer of the bill.

Results of the bouts as follows: Wrestling: Eastman (U. S. S. Bridgeport) vs Stickney (A. E. F. Champion) 15 minutes to a draw; Boxing: Kelly (Champion of 3rd Div.) vs McCarty decision to Kelly; Vantino (U. S. S. Bridgeport) vs Mahrieux (Paris) decision to Vantine; Depace vs Avarlie (Paris) decision to Depace.

CHESS PLAYERS

I would like to meet you over the board at any time. McIlroy, Telephone Number Two. Brest.

AMUSEMENTS

Saturday, July 19th

Fog Lifters—33rd. Engineers.
Broadway Favorites—Porte Foye Y. M. C. A.
Musical Novelty—Camp Lincoln Y. M C. A. (white).
Strollers—Camp Lincoln Y. M. C. A. (colored).
Ozav-co—Fort Federes.
Clipper Comedy—Fort Bouguen.
Connecticut Six—Red Cross Hut No. Two.
Bingham Party—Williams Auditorium.
American Five—Pontanczen Hut No. Three.
Witte Company—K. of C. Pontanezen.
Amex Three—R. C. Enlisted Men's Hut No. 1 Pontanezen.
Merry Montebanks—Vermont Hut.
Six Vaudevillians—5th Marines.
Jazbo Six—Motor Reception Park.
Forbes Stock Co.—Salvation Army Hut.
Franco American Four—Butler Hut.
Smiles from Home—Nevada Hut.
Wee Four—Arkansas Hut.

The following troupes will entertain in Base Five at the various huts during the coming week. No new shows are expected owing to the rapid closing of the A. E. F. amusements. American Quintette, Merry Montebanks, Musical Novelty Company, Amex Trio, Six Vaudevillians, Connecticut Six, Strollers, Full House Company, Ozav Company, Fog Lifters, Songs and Strings, Clipper Comedy Company, Smiles from Home, Jazbo Six, Broadway Favorites Bingham Party, Witte Company and the Franco American Four.

Hops at 319th Engineers Prove Highly Successful

At various times the 319th Engineers Hut has been used as a basket-ball court, hand-ball court, a show-house, a lecture room, and finally, now, as a dance pavillion.

Each Saturday night for the past five weeks the building transformed from an ordinary recreation hut to a bower of beauty and on such evenings the thump of hob nails of the festive Engineer can be heard throughout all of Pontanezen.

Refreshments are served in «The Bungalow» which adjoins the hut, and the young ladies of the different welfare organizations who have been the guests of the 319th have voted each of the dances a real success.

Fast, Clever Boxing at K. C. Carnival Tonight

K. C. Carnival will begin their program this evening at 7:00 o'clock sharp. Lieutenant Rochm, Camp Pontanezen Athletic Officer, will be the announcer and Mr. Fitzpatrick of the K. C. will officiate as referee.

Anyone interested in real clever fast boxing will be given their moneys worth as some of the best boys in France are going to be on deck.

Glove Artists Put up Clever Show at Carnival Thursday

Entire bill at K. C. Carnival Thursday evening was a hummer. Lieutenant Roehm, Camp Athletic Officer, acted as announcer and in spite of a bad cold worked to the satisfaction of the spectators. Mr. Fitzpatrick of the K. C. was third man in the ring and Eddie Behan was timekeeper.

Le Clair Wins.

In the first Spicer Kelly had the edge over the Frenchmen Lebois and won the decision. It was a very clean fast bout with no clinching. LeClair got the decision over Bora in the second bout. Bora had the best of the first two rounds but LeClair came back strong in the last two rounds and the judges gave him the bout.

In the third bout Mahrieux got the decision from Roberts by his all round ring generalship. Considering that Roberts had very little experience he put up a wonderful fight. After hammering each other around the ring for four slashing good rounds the fourth bout between Mayo and Lewis was called a draw. Both fighters kept the large and excited crowd on their toes all during the fight.

Yank Wins From Frenchman.

In the fifth bout Carlos (champion of Spain) and Williams (U.S.S.Bridgeport fought four rounds to a draw. Considering that Williams is only a youngster of 17 years his fighting was remarkable. If this boy continues to improve he will be heard from later in the U. S. The last bout of the program furnished the best entertainment for the spectators. Siglepki (U. S.Army) won the decision over Dier (Paris). In the opening two rounds Sib had his in groggy but was unable to land the slumber wallop. It was Dier's wonderful condition that kept him from being knocked out. The claret flowed so freely from Dier's nose that it sprinkled some of the spectators.

Y Sponsors Trips to Old Underground Dungeons

After persistent effort on the part of the Y. M. C. A. permission has been granted them to conduct limited parties through the dungeons of the old Chateau at Brest.

Trips through the underground dungeons are repeated from 9:30 A. M. until 11:30 A. M. and are of twenty minutes each. These trips are entirely for the benefit of members of the A. E. F., and anyone wishing to see the historic old castle should inquire of the S. P. at the entry for the starting place of Y. M. C. A. parties.

K. C. Entertains Men And Officers of The Bridgeport

An enjoyable entertainment was given the men and officers of the U. S. S. Bridgeport Wednesday evening by the ladies K. C. band and the Jersey City Quartette.

The quartette is composed of ex-policemen of Jersey City, New Jersey, and they have been entertaining at the K. C. Carnival which is going on in Pontanezen as well as in the various camps f Base Section Five.

The ladies band is an organization of excellent musicians who offered their services to the Knights of Columbus for their expenses. They are well received wherever they go.

Y Entertainments Close About Fifteenth August

According to the present plans all of the Y. M. C. A. activities will continue to operate during the remainder of the month of July and the first part of August. Indications are that the Brest Y. M. C. A. programs will close about August 15th but the Flag Hut Cafeteria will continue to fill hungry stomaches until all Americans have left for the states, which will be about September 1st.

The Jewish Welfare Board will take charge of all welfare work after the Y. M. C. A. closes.

A holiday in France is everything the word implies. There is no half-heartedness about it—everybody shuts up shop and proceeds to have a good time

MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY HAULED AMMUNITION TO LINE UNDER HEAVY FIRE

On Night of September Ninth The Company Escaped Death From Gas by Only Small Margin

Motor Truck Company 439, originally of the 414th Motor Supply Train was organized at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville Florida, in June 1918. After a short period of training the organization sailed from Newport News on July 10th, arriving at Brest on July 21st.

After remaining at Brest for several days, orders were received to report to Rochefort where the army transportation trucks were assigned. After a long and dreary trip across country roads, the company joined the 1st Army Corps at La Fert where the enemy officially welcomed the men to the theater of war by a specially arranged display of fire works under the immediate direction of the German Air Service.

Moved to St. Mihiel

On September 6th the company moved to the St. Mihiel sector and became attached to the First Provisional Corps Artillery Park and moved to Rosiers en Hayes. At this place the men did their share in hauling thousands of tons of shells accumulated for the drive in this sector, and were engagen in this work on that eventful September morning when the artillery began delivering them in wholesale lots to the Germian army. During the night of September 9th three French ammunition trucks blew up on the road directly in front of the company camp. A gas alarm was given and all men aroused from their sleep, gas masks were adjusted and the men made their way to safety. Luckily none were injured.

Worked Under Fire

As soon as the St. Mihiel salient was reduced, the 439th was ordered to take the quiet out of another sector in the Argonne Forest. During all of the long weeks of heart breaking effort to clear the forest, the organization brought up ammunition, troops and supplies under constant artillery fire and almost impassable roads for the trucks. At the start of the Meuse-Argonne offensive it was impossible to get a truck to Clermont without drawing shell fire, but on November 9th a small group of trucks from the 439th halted on the crest of a ridge and looked down upon the valley of the Meuse at the city of Sedan.

After the armistice the company was attached to and helped move the 4th Army Corps Headquarters to Graevenmacher, Luxembourg and from there to Wittlich, Germany. Later the company moved to Patten, Germany, and was part of the 7th Corps Provisional Motor Supply Train.

NEW ORDERS

CHARGES AGAINST WELFARE ORGANIZATIONS

General Orders 38. S. O. S., directs that any charges in the past for gasoline, oil, tires, etc., against Welfare Societies which have not been paid by them be charged as a legitimate charge against the A. E. F. Items which they have paid for are not to be reimbursed to them. In the future supplies for such organizations may be considered a proper item for charge against the military establishment, but this must be limited strictly to work with troops.

TRANSFER OF INSTALLATIONS TO THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Memorandum to all Departments from Base Headquarters directs that for the transfers of installations to French authorities, each service will designate an officer as the permanent representative of that service for all transfers with which it is concerned. The name of the representative so designated will be reported to Lieut. Colonel Robinson, Assistant Chief of Staff G-4.

ASSOCIATING WITH WOMEN OF QUESTIONABLE CHARACTER

General Order 43, Base Five, directs that any officer, field clerk or enlisted man found walking on the streets or associating in public places with women of questionable character, will be arrested.

Character is life's greatest commodity—don't handle it carelessly.

SEPTSARGES WOOD BLOODY INFERNO FOR IVY DIVISION

(Continued from page 1)

Without encountering any noteworthy opposition several towns were captured and the men went hunting for souvenirs.

On September 26th they formed one of the nine American divisions used to push the foe out of France from Flanders to Loraine in some of the bloodiest battles in which American soldiers ever took part. The Ivy division took its position in the vicinity of Hill 304 against the inconquerable Kriemhilde Stellung behind the Hindenburg Line. Three hours after the divisional artillery went into action with a hurricane of shells, the infantry went over the top with a great yell. After capturing Cuisy, a shell torn swamp was transformed into a military road by the Fourth Engineers in one night, the work being done under enemy shell fire.

The Septsarges Wood was a hideous inferno for the men and at one time beneath a cyclone of high explosives, when the line wavered critically. the day was saved by the coolness and personal visits of General Poore to the outposts.

Gas Attacks

The second phase of the campaign opened on October 4th with the 47th infantry storming the Boche strongholds in the Bois de Fays, a rock wood two miles north of Nantillois. No tougher proposition than storming and holding this woods has ever been assigned to American soldiers. Much of the advance was made with gas masks through tangled underbrush reeking with mustard gas from the enemy lines.

Heavy Losses

On October 19th the division had been in the line for twenty-four days and the first army objective had been gained. During this time the Fourth had lost 6,000 men, had penetrated to a depth of eight miles of supposedly invulnerable defenses and captured 2,731 prisoners from eight crack German divisions, including Kaiser Wilhelms favorite division.

After the division's withdrawal from the Meuse-Argonne front, it marched to the Rhine province and after the armistice was comfortably quartered. The Ivy Division has been in battle 83 days out of 117, their losses amount to 12,948 and they have captured 2,856 prisoners.

WAR GARDENS IN A. E. F. OCCUPIED 40,000 ACRES

(Continued from Page 1)

gardens at Versailles supplied the front line troops with green lettuce and onions. They were delivered at night and men delivering them barely escaped shell fire during the great Chateau Thiery offensive last summer. Often times the men would find shell holes in the midst of their gardens where a good clump of lettuce stood the day before.

Sold at Cost

The aggregate sales for one season from all gardens amounted to 1,500,000 francs. One of the larger gardens netted 15,000 francs. Last September the Nevres garden service operated by convalescent officers and men, sold to the Supply Section of the army 210,000 pounds of potatoes, three ton truck loads of cabbage and considerable quantities of other vegetables.

40,000 Acres Leased

War gardens were running at full blast until lately in various base sections of France. An aggregate of 40,000 acres had been leased from the French for garden service for the current year. The American garden service was assisted in evey way possible by the advice of the French and English war garden experts.

RECRUITING FOR REGULAR ARMY PROCEEDS MERRILY

Official reports of the recruiting campaign show that up to and including July 1st, 4,910 men were recruited for service in the A. E. F. The Fifth Division which is now on its way to the homeland holds a record of reenlisting 1686 men, with the Third Division a close second.

Thirty-seven men are leaving Pontanezen today enroute to the third replacement depot at Coblenz.

FIRE DESTROYES PERSONAL PROPERTY OF RECRUITERS

While the sergeant was out for a few minutes at the Camp Recruiting office a few nights ago fire caught and destroyed considerable personal property. The origin of the blaze is unknown. Had it not been for the extinguishers more damage might have resulted.

FOURTH ENGINEERS SAW HARD SERVICE DURING BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Many Officers And Men Killed And Wounded When Big Guns Barked Death at St. Mihiel

The Fourth Regiment of Engineers did conspicuous service in this man's army at the front and in Germany where they formed a part of the Fourth Division. The Regiment was organized in June 1917 at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and ordered to Camp Grene, N. C., on December 17, which was a concentration and traming camp.

All Volunteers

The men were all volunteers, there being at the time not a single drafted man in the regiment. There were 213 old enlisted men from Companies E and F of the Second Engineers and the remainder were recruits who had voluntarily enlisted when war was declared.

Most of these men were mechanics or skilled workmen and many were University graduates. Early in February nearly 50 men were transferred to the regiment from Camp Grant, Ill., and Camp Gordon, Ga. While at Camp Greene a newspaper, the Camp Skirmisher was edited and printed by the men and had a wide circulation. The regiment entrained for Camp Merritt on April 21st and sailed from the port of embarkation May 1 arriving at Bordeaux May 12. Thence to Catais and then training with the British sector near Boulougne. June 13 the regiment was transferred to the French Army and they worked and trained near Chateau Thierry.

Battle of the Marne

The regiment participated in the 2nd battle of the Marne July 18, to Aug. 12, rested after this for a month participating in the battle of St. Mihiel and later in the Argonne and on November 20, 1918 started the march to the river Rhine. Particularly heroic work was done fighting the Huns on the Vesle river. The regiment has a record of two officers killed and 17 wounded and 37 killed and 298 wounded in the enlisted personnel.

Eleven officers and men of the regiment were mentioned in orders. The morale and general work of the regiment was accorded highest praise by commanding officers and the unit may well be proud of its handsome record in France.

They are now in Pontanezen on their way home.

CAMP PICTURES IN LESLIES' WEEKLY

Camp Pontanezen breaks into print «encore.» The issue of Leslie's Weekly for June 21st, contained a double page of photos of the camp. There was also an insert picture of Major General Helmick and Brig. Gen. S. D. (Duckboard) Butler, U. S. M. C., together with a short synopsis of General Butler's duckboard campaign.

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CAMP DENTAL INFIRMARY UNSURPASSED BY CIVIL ESTABLISHMENTS IN U.S.

In Two Months More Than 5,000 Patients Are Taken Care of by Captain Heap And Staff

Pontanezen has the largest Dental Infirmary in the A. E. F. which is situated on Brest Road between Third and Fourth Street.

Last month its personnel consisted of 25 officers and 34 dental assistants, all experts in their profession. One officer in charge of extraction, extracted during the months of May and June, 1193 teeth. An expert in prosthetics, with a laboratory assistant, has constructed forthe same two months 15 new plates, repairing 16 and making 14 bridges, 28 gold shell crowns and 20 fold inlays.

Patients Numerous

An oral prophylaxis expert with five operators, looks after the cleaning of the teeth, and has taken care of 1424 patients. In May and June 4.72 pounds of Troy Silver was placed in the teeth of American soldiers which makes a total of 2720 fillings; porcelain fillings numbered 169.

More than 5100 patients were handled by the camp dental infirmary during the months of May and June. All modern kinds of work are performed at this infirmary including silver, synthetic porcelain and cement fillings; there are also porcelain crowns, plates, gold bridges, gold crowns and inlays.

It is equiped with ten white enameled chairs, twelve white enameled aseptic steel cabinets, compressed air outfits with electric heaters and spray bottles. Steralizers heated by alcohol one for every two chairs, fountain cuspidors, a gas apparatus for administering of Nitrous Oxide and Oxygen Anaesthesia. A most up-to-date dental office in the states has nothing on the Camp Dental Infirmary.

Records Kept

A complete record card is kept of each patient, showing kind of work-nanie of the disease, nature and date of treatment and whether or not all work is completed. A small stock room is kept in the rear of the building and enough supplies are kept for a months duration.

Captain G. R. Heap is in charge of the Infirmary and his slogan and the slogan of the staff under him is «A clean mouth, a healthier Camp.»

CLASSIFIED

FILMS—Developed and printed in forty eight hours. Leave your orders at Bureau Station Four, Second and Brest Road.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Pair of Goertz or Zeiss Binoculars, 6 power Bring same to room 49, Hotel Moderne. Lieut. Colonel Robbe.

Go to Cremerie de Quimper next to Continental Hotel for eggs, coffee, chocolate, tea and homey meals.

LOST—Purse containing sixty dollars American money, valued pictures and B. of L. F. E. traveling card and identification card. Finder return and receive reward. Clarence G. McKee, Casual Company 2768. Home 1924 No. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Pour votre publicité dans *The Pontanezen Duckboard*, adressez-vous à M. Charles-G. HAMON, à la *Dépêche*. — Tél. 1-96.

THE FARMERS' LOAN & TRUST CO.
Dollar Checks
Exchanged For Dollars or Francs
ARMY RATES NO CHARGE
Base Finance Office, Brest
Near Troop Kitchen 11, Brest Road, Camp Pontanezen

Imp. « The Pontanezen Duckboard ».
— *Le gérant:* Charles-G. HAMON.

BACK COPIES OF THE DUCKBOARD
CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR OFFICE ON BREST ROAD

Get a complete file and see what has been going on in the big camp in the past months. Take it back with you and let the folks at home read first hand facts on one of the great accomplishments of the A. E. F. in France—Camp Pontanezen.

THE PONTANEZEN DUCKBOARD

The Publication of the American Troops in Camp Pontanezen; authorized by the Camp Commander.

Written, edited and published for and by soldiers of the Camp. Issued every Wednesday and Saturday.

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1919

BEGINNING OF THE END

Since the armistice last November, for those in Brest, each day has been filled with perfecting the departure of Uncle Sam's warriors for home. Every day has seen thousands marching to the piers, there to embark upon their westward journey.

Peace has come, the treaty signed, and now has begun the final phase of the A .E. F.'s departure from its foreign home. The Fifth Division has passed through the port and the Fourth Division is now undergoing embarkation. These mark the first wave, of the now dissolved Third Army which brought to a fitting close the last chapter of «Watchful Waiting» along the banks of the Rhine.

Each day witnesses, now, the closing and abandoning of some post, which for the past two years has been a busy center of O. D. activity. and slowly but surely the net of evacuation closes around the port of Brest.

As the hub of the embarkation wheel Brest will be the last port the Yanks will abandon. But, even now, little by little, its activities are becoming more concentrated and soon, here too, the watchword of many months—«improvement»—will be changed to the magic one—«HOME.»

The «Beginning of the End» is at hand for the A. E. F., and 'twill not be long before Brest, the port of criticism or praise (according to the whim of the transient) will have also become history, and those who for the past ten months have labored and strived to expedite the departure of their comrades in arms, will cross the gang plank and as they sail away, look back upon the scene of their efforts with perfect satisfaction and feel that their country can but say—«Well done, good and faithful servants.»

—S—S—

ACQUAINTED AT LAST

Since the days when our land was wrapped in civil strife, there have been those among us who have labored under vague ideas of vast sectional prejudices and personal feeling.

One of our greatest gains in the war has been wrought among our own people, brought about through our system of army organization which so functioned as to cause the commingling and associating in cantonments, of men from all sections of our land.

Through the medium of war, more thoroughly than by any other means have our people learned that the East, West, North and South fail to differ in way and manner which non-acquaintance has led many to believe.

This revelation sown in camp life at home, has been crystalized upon the field of battle and just as the Hun salients were shattered, so have the convictions of years, with the result that our army returns to civil pursuits more American than ever before and our people as a whole realize more fully that it is the same «Old Glory» that flies over us all.

—S—S—

«LUCKY DOGS»

There will be quite an argument among the many canines of France when they meet in the U. S. in reunion for all time and the subject will be similar to that of their masters, «What Boat Did You Come On?»

Generally these additions to the army's personnel are given but third-class passage, but we find out that now that all those who sail on the Imperator go back first-class.

This big vessel has a deck set aside for dogs and pets, where Fido and Towser are assingned staterooms of their own, which will give them much to tell their more unfortunate kinsmen upon arrival in the land of their involuntary adoption

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THIS IS HARD LUCK

To the Editor:

We have been faithful readers of your paper ever since it was born and have been, as a consequence, reading all about the different organizations in camp, so we thought it was about time for us to stand up and let the crowd hear our gentle voice.

Talking about being the forgotten unit. We claim that we are that double-dyed stuck-fast-in-a-corner unit all by ourselves, and we also claim to be the oldest A. E. F. organization in the camp.

We were organized in June, spent eight months on the front with the Fifth, 81st and 92nd Divisions, being with a railhead part of the time too. We have been under shell fire a number of times and—but that has nothing to do with this.

On January 4th we landed in Brest after having received orders to return to the United States, but we were assigned to another commissary, and have been here ever since.

Now the 319th Engineers and others have plenty of room to kick, we do admit, but listen to our plea: WE don't have our own nice mess kitchen where we get pie and cake once in a while, pan-cakes for breakfast every morning and steaks for dinner. WE eat in the transient kitchen, and have eaten there ever since we came here, and (a secret) we have heard transients say that if they had to eat there all the time they would starve.

You say that you have never heard of this unit? That's just it. The Powers that Be seem to have forgotten us too.

Aw, well, there's no use kicking and we are good losers, and will stick it out till the cows come home to roost in the hen coops.

Yours 'till the Duckboard quits editing.

Sales Commisary Unit No. 6.
2nd and Brest Road.

YOU'RE THERE, PONTANEZEN

To the Editor—In stopping over in your camp enroute home, permit me to drop a line of commendation for the unequalled efficiency which exists in every phase of the camp activity.

I have been in American camps from Cherbourg to Nice and from Sedan to Bordeaux, and I must say that nowhere have I seen such excellent camp discipline and fine spirit.

I take my hat off to you, buddies of the «Duckboard Insignia» and the «Figure Eight.»

-A Casual Looie

SALVATION ARMY LASSIES TAKE GOOD CARE OF YANK

For more than six months the Salvation Army Hanger on Brest road has been one of the popular centers for the permanent and homeward bound yank. At present there are six Salvation Army girls livening up the spirits of the passing wearers of O. D.

Religious meetings are conducted on Wednesday and Sunday nights, and on other evenings vaudeville entertainments and movies are held in the large auditorium.

Over 10.000 men are served daily at the hut canteen. Approximately 9.000 doughnuts and 800 gallons of cocoa are served to hungry daughbays each evening, and frequently peach, apple, apricot and pumpkin pies are served.

In addition to this the Salvation Army Lassies conduct a free minature tailor and alteration department. One girl sews as high as seventy-five chevrons a day on blouses and O. D. shirts. The alteration department has credit for sixty jobs.

Beautiful Fields of France Thru Months of June And July

BY CAMERON T. DICKINSON

These are gloriously beautiful days, a trifle cool, but flooded with streaming amber sunshine. The gently rolling countryside is so radiantly lovely that in some degree—from a vague, unanalytical content with its smile to the definite understanding love, the yearning to embrace it all, as one's physical arms might ache to hold an absent wife or mother—each heart not all stone, leaps out to pay in voluntary tribute.

Every hollow and hill, bush, vine, tree and stump fairly trembles with joy under its new mantle, but just completed, of shimmering, breathing green Over all the gnarled and contorted stumps of oaks that with amputated arms sadly crouch on top the earthen hedges, the deep green of English ivy glistens with the rush of its new life activity.

Every field is illuminated with marguerites and waxen sunny buttercups; with pale, reddish-lilac bells, with poppies flaming scarlet, and a veritable host of others. Violets have almost all made their quiet exit from the stage, and the last faint yellow primroses that came so bravely to the rescue of the winter-weary eyes, have returned to their annual tomb in nature's heart. A field of crimson clover flares out here and there on the tranquil landscape, lending a touch of brilliance that could, perhaps, be found only in Holland or Southern France where acres of flowers are grown en bloc.

And as though quite sensible of the perfect marvel of it all, birds from bush and tree, flood the air with golden bubbles of sound that fairly typifies the intense gladness of the season. Even high overhead a lark, while he still mounts, or hangs suspended on fluttering wings, sings and sings without stop for five long minutes, pours down upon the breathless world such a fall of sparkling melody as seems to rush straight from a heart thrilling with veriest ecstacy in the infinite beauty of spring; nor does he cease his rhapsody till, folding his tireless wings he dives in one swift, perpendicular flash to earth.

BILLETING STATION 15 DOES SOME DECORATING

Billeting station No. 15 has devised a new method of decorating and advertising itself. The management and men have utilized the scrap lumber and cord wood in their area for the construction and decoration of a newly constructed arch facing Pontanezen road. The frame of the arch has been given several coats of whitewash.

The circular sections of cord wood give one the impression of a series of chains hanging around the white pillars. In addition, numerous sections of wood have been arranged on a wire background to represent the letters for the name and number of the area.

KITCHEN FOUR NOW BEING RUN BY KITCHEN 14 CREW

After a long successful run and after satisfying the stomachs of thousands of ravenous Yanks, the personnel of Kitchen Four have earned a well merited vacation and at present are spending two weeks in various parts of France and England.

The crew of kitchen 14 are running kitchen 4 in the meantime as the sudden influx of troops from the army of occupation into camp make it imperative that all kitchens continue operations.

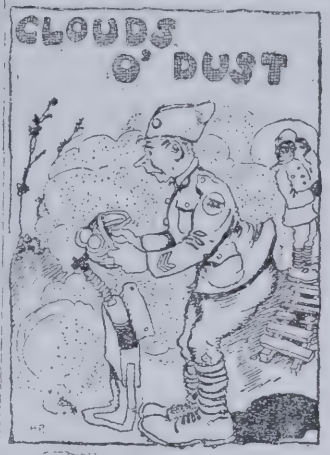
At present 8.000 men are being fed daily at Kitchen 4.

Y. M. C. A. HUT AT BEACH OF BRIGNOGAN IS CLOSED

After a very successful season, the Y. M. C. A. Hut at Brignogan closed last Tuesday. The hut was opened on March 29th and has accomodated thousands of soldiers who took advantage of the chance to visit the beautiful bathing beach at Brignogan.

The gradual closing of various welfare activities as the need for them grows less, goes to show the rapidity which the A. E. F. is diminishing.

There is nothing you do that does not reflect your pe



WEATHER FORECAST—Clouds of dust made by the Fourth as they partee.

×◇×

A COULD-BE

I'd rather be a Could-Be
For I cannot be an Are
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of reaching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might-have-been by far
For a Might-have-been is a Hasn't-Been
But a Has-Been was once an Are.

×◇×

COULD WE FORGET

(To My Wife)

×◇×

Could we forget? Though intervening seas

×◇×

Have laid a hand of separation 'tween

×◇×

Our lives and all our dreams that might have been,

×◇×

Could we forget with mem'ries, dear, like these—

×◇×

Of duties sternly faced and agonies

×◇×

Of days alone, and fears that cut too keen

×◇×

For hope to heal—and aching hearts that lean

×◇×

Would we forget the unsaid, bitter fears,

×◇×

On Dream-hearts, in nights lone eternities?

×◇×

The red, red days of war, and waiting long?
coming years

×◇×

Shall crown our sacrifices, and love made strong

×◇×

With love, shall bring us only happy tears,

×◇×

From hearts all one Love's triumphant song

—Aubury Travers,
A. E. F.

×◇×

Knockers are never «winners,» no matter what the game.

×◇×

Peary may have discovered the North Pole, in spite of the fact that Congress gave him credit for it.

×◇×

THEY COMPREE

One of the first things the replacement outfits do after landing is to slip out to the R. R. tracks and give the abbreviated equipment the once over, after which they «compree» the much quoted expression, «8 and 40s.»

×◇×

The longer we stay here the greater is our respect for Columbus.

×◇×

Let the greas(ers) boil in Mexico. Our Uncle will put out the fire when the stew is over.

×◇×

Anxious Rookie of Replacements: «Wonder if equipment A for Mexican expeditions includes, duckboard, One.»

×◇×

«No, auntie,» explained the doughboy just arrived home after six months permanent service at Pontanezen, pointing to his arm insigna, «I did not belong to a hook and ladder company in the Fire Department.

×◇×

As an Englishman would say, the French celebration just over was to many a «rummy affair.»

×◇×

The Yankee expression «A Cold Day» won't apply in France.

Notepaper with the Following Inscription:
On Active Service
With The
American Expeditionary Forces
December 10, 1918

My Dear Parents:

We are now in Brest, France where the Regiment is preparing to embark soon for America It is not likely, however, that I will return home with the 137 F.A. as I have been assigned to duty here in Fort Bouguin, a casualty camp about a mile from the city of Brest. This is a camp where casual troops will be sent to be formed into casualty companies to be returned to America. My duties will be along the line of assisting in the formation of these companies and getting them aboard ship for home. Since there are several millions of troops in France, you can easily see that there is a life-sized job for men and officers in getting these troops back home. It may amuse you to know that just at present, I have charge of a large number of men building a stone road. We are working on the part of the road that leads back to our German prison camp. We have a fair-sized German Prison Camp and this, together with the enormous amount of traffic incident to a casualty camp, all requires stone roads. The big army trucks heavily loaded line the roads. Besides, it rains most all of the time, so you can see that our roads must be solid and substantial. You will recall, of course, that stone road building has not been along my special lines of endeavor. But in the Army, we are all doing many things which we never did before. In fact, the vast majority of us never served through a war until this one. The road I am working on is just outside my barracks, and the night road gangs are just now unloading several large truck loads of building stone. There is so much work for the trucks that we have to haul the material for the highway at night from the nearby quarries where we are blasting the rock, and during the day we lay the material in the roads.

President Wilson is due here tomorrow. I saw him at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City just before embarking for France and hope to be able to see him here. Brest is making gorgeous preparations form the reports we are getting to receive the President in due and ancient form. I understand that General Pershing arrived here today. Miss Wilson is here and will sing at our YMCA tomorrow evening. Every penny you have assisted in raising for the YMCA and the Red Cross has meant worlds of comfort for the American Expeditionary Forces. I wish that there was some way to express to all who have so generously labored in our behalf the deep gratitude which the fellows here all feel towards those true sublime institutions. I might also state that I have derived a world of comfort from my association with Free Masons of the American Army in France. It is the great organization within the army which set the world free. I have been in France now well onto three months, and so far have received no word at all from home. My address now is Captain WD Stump, A.P.O. No 716, Casualty Camp, Fort Bouguin, Brest, France, American E.F.

With Kindest regard to all and hoping to hear from home soon. I am sincerely yours WD Stump

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

My Dear Parents:- Dec. 10, 1917

We are now in Great France where the Regiment is preparing to embark soon for America. It is —— likely however that I will return home with the 137 F.A. as I have been assigned to duty here in Fort Bourgueil, a small army about a mile from the city of Brest. This is a rapid motor assembly troops and I am sent to be formed into a small company to be returned to America. My duties will be similar, my duties will be along the lines of assisting in the formation of this company and getting them aboard ship for home. Here there are —— about millions of troops in France you can easily see that there is a big job for —— and myself in getting these troops back home. If my guess is true

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London is here and will ring at once
by M. P. A. Tower Tower meaning. Every penny
you four cents of — raising for the Y. M. C. A.

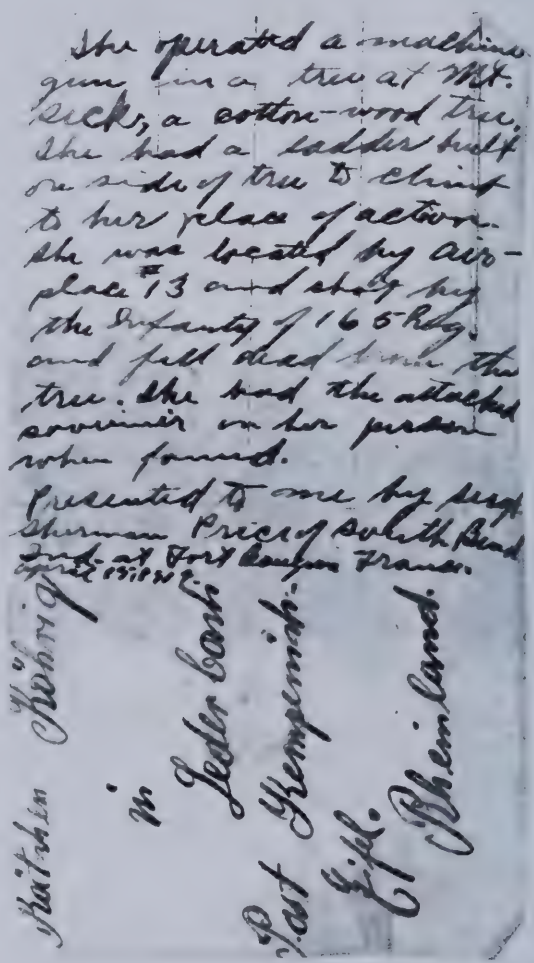
Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross has meant worlds of comfort for the american Expeditionary forces. I wish that there was some way to express to all who have so generously labored in our behalf the deep gratitude which the fellows here all feel towards them. In addition to what I might say state that I have derived a world of comfort from my association with the members of the American Army in France. By the way the organization which the army which we the world for. I have been in France more than six months and as yet have received no word at all from home. My address now is "Co. A. P.O. No. 716, Casualty Comp. Chef Bougues, Base Section American E.F." With kindest regards to all and hoping to hear from home soon. I am sincerely Yours

WEDDING DAY: APRIL 29, 1911 ----WALTER D. STUMP AND CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP

CAPTAIN STUMP AT FORT BOUGUEN, FRANCE: W.D. IS THE SECOND MAN SEATED FROM THE LEFT…HE HAS A MOUSTACHE

She operated a machine gun in a tree at Mr. Sick, a cotton wood tree. She had a ladder built on the side of the tree to climb to her place of action. She was located by Airplane #13 and shot by the Infantry of 165 Regiment and fell dead from the tree. She had the attached souvenir on her person when found.

Presented to me by Sergeant Sherman Price of South Bend, Indiana at Fort Bouguen, France, April 19, 1919.



An old lady who looks just like this one comes through our camp each day, and knits while she walks with her wooden shoes and does not spill the water.

247 *Vieille femme de MORLAIX et sa cruche*

CARTE POSTALE

Correspondance

Adresse

ARTAUD ET NOZAIS, IMP.-ÉDIT., NANTES.

An old lady who looks just like this one comes through our camp ~~could~~ each day, and knits while she walks with her wooden shoes and does not spill the water

Here you will see what every country house wife has. All the women of the neighborhood congregate at places built of stone and concrete, near running brooks where they all do their washing. They kneel on the little benches she is carrying when they do their washing.

136 *Jeune fille de BEUZEC* *Retour du Lavoir*

Artaud et Nozais, Nantes

Dwelling house and barn combined. It is made of stone and mortar as they all are. You will see the buckets and chains sitting by the side of the old open well. Just above and back of the old well is shown part of the little recess where there is a crucifix which is not shown.

211 *FINISTÈRE — Scène de ferme : à l'abreuvoir*

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This is a typical Breton dance. The whole city danced these dances recently on the event of President Wilson's arrival. You would have been shocked to have seen me dancing with them. There were dozens of rings of merry dancers scattered all over the square De Pres. Wilson. These scenes continued for many days after Wilson landed in France.

56 DANSES BRETONNES — La Ridée

Artaud et Nozais, Nantes

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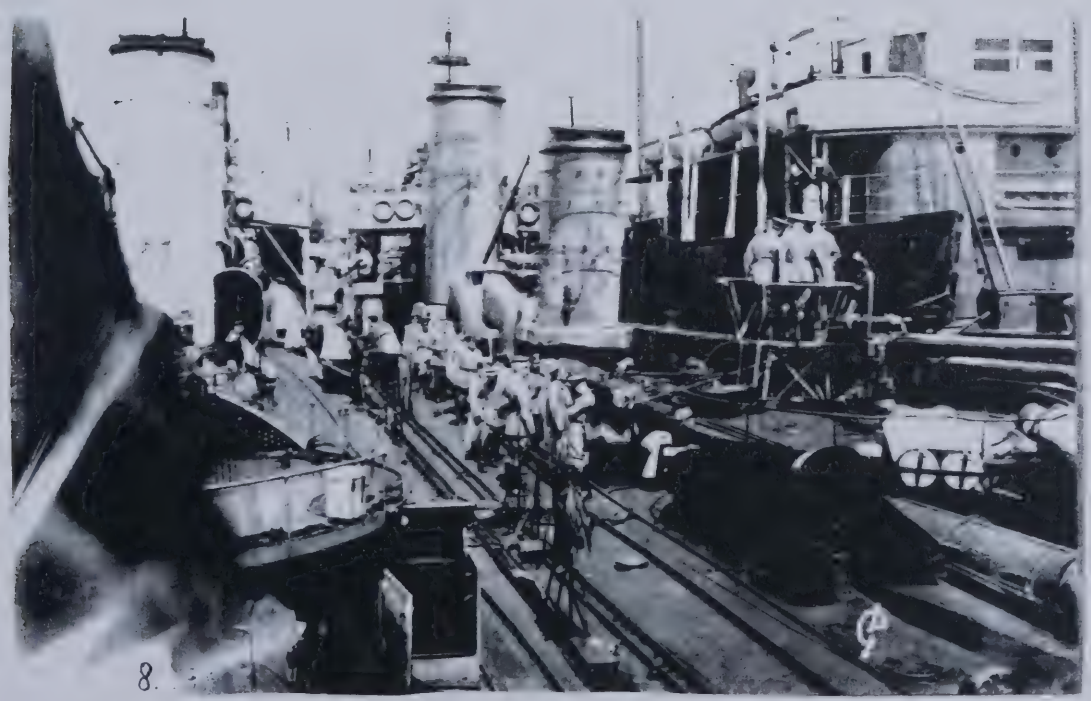
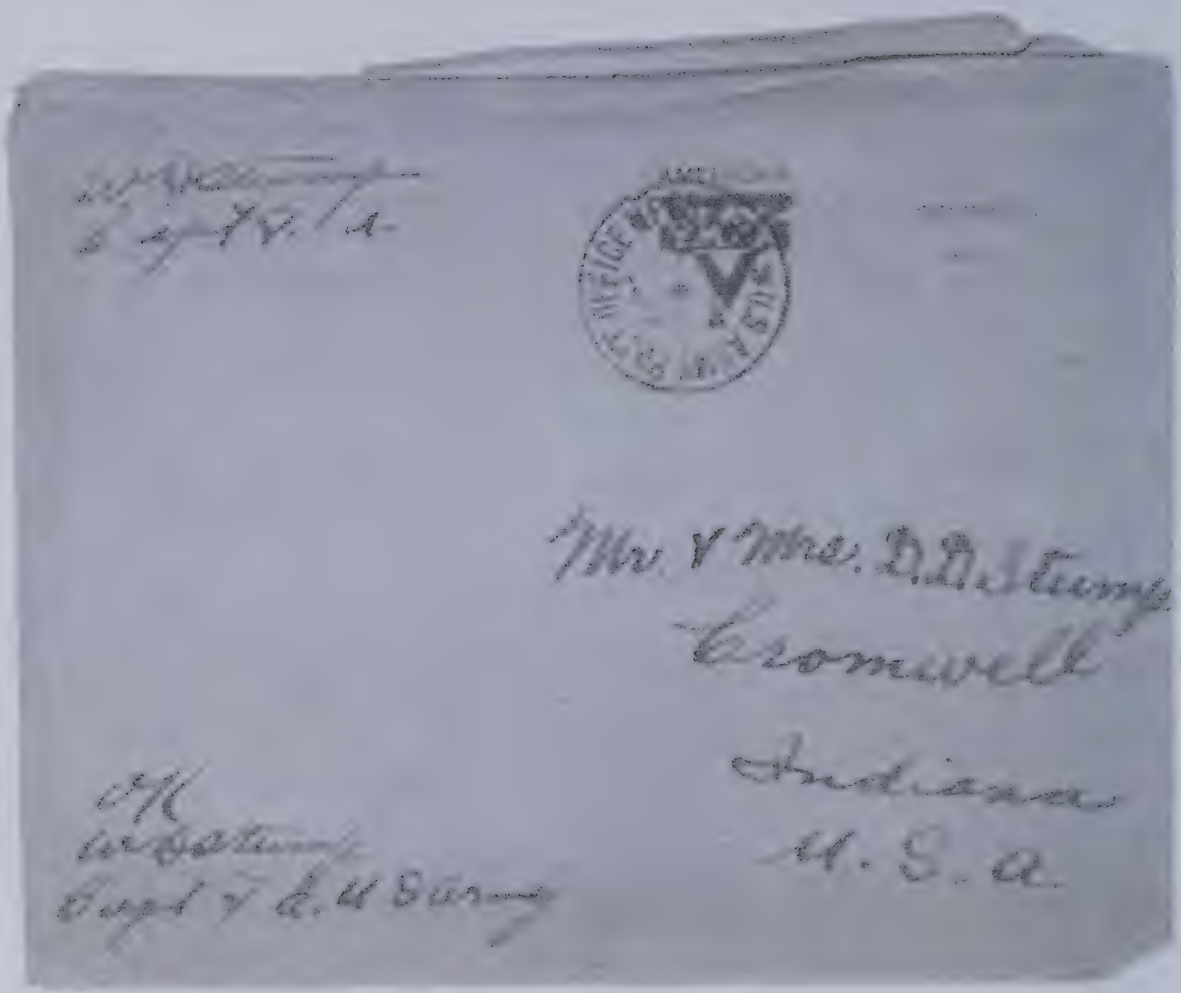
CORRESPONDANCE

CARTE POSTALE

The building where the old maids of Bruges reside and make lace.

The Kaiser inspecting the torpedo boats in Bruges.





Fort Bourguen, France,
May 1, 1919.

Dear Parents;-

I got your letterstoday. I am very glad to hear that you are all getting along well and that you are well and enjoying life. This would be a fine time of the year for me to be home again, for I am sure that the pleasures of Springtime are just now in season. I suspect that the spring weather in Peru and that the season is more advanced at home than it is here. We have less change in the weather here than you do in Indiana, but it is no doubt warmer there than here now. We had about two or three weeks of very nice weather here until several days ago, but it is quite disagreeable again.

This is May first, the great labor day of Europe, the day on which all of the Bolshevists of Europe were expecting to overthrow all forms of existing Government and commence anew. Brest is the strongest Socialist center of France, and there is in fact quite a large Bolshevist element in the city. They have put on several demonstrations during the past few months and had expected to pull off some stunts today that would make us all sit up and take notice. The thing that makes an anarchist, or Bolshevist, become panicky, is to see a soldier. A soldier is the representative of law and order and is the instrument which gives power and force to the mandates of government. His chief function is to enforce the will of the governing body, in whatever form that may be expressed. It is for this reason that all of that grisly, long haired, and disgruntled element of society, now popularly termed Bolshevists, sit up at night to hate the soldier. It is very much desired that ever possible thing be done this year to avoid any collision in France between this class of people and our soldiers, and therefore we have denied all passes to our men to go down town for three days. The French authorities have likewise denied pass privileges to their soldiers, and tonight there is no one on the streets of Brest in the way of soldiers except our Military Police and the French Military Police. Up to this hour there has been no serious difficulty. One of the things that the Bolshevists here have been specially grieved about is the fact that the Americans have been using several thousand of our German Prisoners of War to do road work. That is, for building up and keeping in repair the roads that we use for our army trucks and traffic. There is almost a constant line of heavy army trucks going over some of these roads and of course you can see the necessity for many men being employed every day to keep them in a state of repair in a climate where it rains so much as it does here. Incidentally, we use several heavy steam rollers to assist in packing the crushed rock. The Bolshevists have been against both of these practices on our part, and had intended among other things to release our Prisoners of War, some twenty two thousand five hundred men, and then to wreck the steam rollers. We threw a special strong guard around the camp today and had no difficulty. I had some two hundred Prisoners of War working, however, when the Bolshevist parade moved past the camp. The demonstration was staged about three oclock this afternoon and was about one thousand strong with plenty of red flags and noise. We were across the fence with our little trusty Colts each loaded with six leaden bullets. But where there is so much noise there is seldom very much danger, and everybody is well and happy tonight at this hour and able to tell the story. We brought the much hated steam rollers inside of the camp and they are under guard. We expect to use them tomorrow as usual, and expect to have Heine operating his pick and shovel on the road or wherever else we may decide to use him. Heine is a d____site better man than any Bolshevist, and I have no great amount of sympathy for Heine until he proves his reform. But I am sure that Heine would rather be a Prisoner of War for the American Army than be led to liberty by a long-haired Bolshevist. The great mass of the people of the civilized world are safe and sane. Bolshevism represents only a very small part of the people and they are only dangerous when they are organized. I believe that the Future of the world is perfectly safe. If it isnt safe with the present number of Anarchists and Bolshevists, there should be enough of that element hung to make it safe for the rest of the folks.

With kindest regards to all, I am, sincerely Yours, W. Patterson

W. Detmers
Sept. 7. 7a.

Removed by
W. Detmers
Sept. 7 a

Mr. & Mrs. D. Detmers
Cromwell,
Indiana
U. S. A.

Fort Bouguen, France,
May 12, 1919.

My Dear Mother;-

As this is Mother's Day I am writing you specially this evening. I was particularly reminded of you this evening by the biscuits that the boys served as this evening for supper. They were just the kind that you used to make for us boys- in the old days when we used to return from school and come running into the house to sample the work of your hands.

This is a particularly busy time for me, as one of the officers is away on leave of absence and I am doing his work for him in addition to my usual duties. We are expecting a big sailing list tonight and in that case it will fall to my lot to get a large number of officers ready to sail for the United States. I might add that I am also acting as Adjutant this evening. It is midnight and I have just been interrupted by a telephone call from Brest Headquarters advising me that we will be expected to have five hundred officers ready to leave this Post by tomorrow noon. And the sailing lists have just arrived for the steam ships Victoria and the Imperator, two German ships that have been requisitioned into the service of transporting American Troops. So I will have to close and finish my letter later.

Well, it is now the 12th of May. I was up all last night and it rained most of the night and I was out in a good deal of it in the work which I have mentioned above. I was so busy that it was impossible for me to eat breakfast or dinner. So I put in the entire night and day hard at it and without anything to eat until evening. But we made good and got the officers safely loaded and they are now happily on their way to the old United States of America. We have here a tremendous burden in getting the American forces back home. I did not get to serve actively in any of the campaigns on the battlefront as I longed to do, but I have helped without complaining to fight the hard battle of Brest in getting the boys home "toot Sweet" after the battles were won. I am comforted by some consolation tonight. I have just received a Leave of Absence of fourteen days, and day after tomorrow I leave for Paris, Versailles, Rheims, Brussels, Chateau Thierry, Verdun, and the famous battle fields of the great war. I have not had a day off duty since I was home just one year ago. Sundays have been the same as other days and the respon ibilites have been heavy. But with the exception of a little feeling of raggedness as a result of the strenuous duties of the past twenty four hours, I am feeling fine. I will leave here Wednesday of this week with a strange feeling of temporary freedom from the work and worry that has fallen to my lot as Executive Officer of this Post, in which position I have been for the past five months Second in Command of one of the camps that has, I am proud to say, performed a great service to the boys who long for home. I, myself, have a strange feeling of the necessity of a little of the old time home life tonight.

With tenderest regards, I am, Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stamp

Paris, May 16, 1919

My Dear Wife,

The world famous Notre dame De Paris. I was all through the Notre Dame. On the left hand tower in which the Hunch Back of Notre Dame, famous in Hugo's book lived, is still one of the many sirens of Paris which signaled (?) air raids on Paris. The folks were worshiping and the priests were chanting today as they have for many centuries.

With love,

WDS

Paris, May 16, '19.

My Dear Wife. POSTALE

The world famous Notre Dame de Paris. I was all through the Notre Dame. On the left hand Tower which the Hunch Back of Notre Dame, famous in Hugo's Book lived, was is still one of the many sirens of Paris which signaled Boche air raids on Paris. The folks were worshiping & the priests were chanting today as they have for many centuries.

With love. WDS.

235. PARIS — *L'Église Notre-Dame* C. M.

"Printemps" means "Springtime"

Paris, May 16, 1919

My Dear Wife,

Here you see a sample of hundreds of the statues in the famous Gardens de Tuilleries. It fronts on the Place de Concorde. In this garden, is where a Yankee broken, and in the midst of the world's splendors wrote, "Mid pleasures and Palaces, tho I roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

My sentiments.

Love,

WDS

"Printemps" means "Springtime."

CARTE POSTALE

Paris. May 16, '19

My Dear Wife! —

Here you see a sample of hundreds of the statues in the famous gardens de Tuilleries. It fronts on the Place de Concorde. In this garden, is where a Yankee broken, and in the midst of the world's splendors wrote "Mid pleasures & Palaces, tho I roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home." My sentiments. Love, WDS

Paris, France May 16, 1919

This is the great Arc of Triumph of Napoleon, which he built to commemorate his victories. On it are inscribed his victories and generals. Under it the Germans marched when they left Paris in 1871. They were disgruntled because France so easily paid off the indemnity assessed and they saw that they might have asked for more. They therefore put the chain around it. The French left it so in humiliation, to take it down only when they evened accounts with Germany. When Peace is signed the chains will be literally broken and the great triumphal march will pass first time in 50 years under it.

With love,

WDS

Paris, France
May 16, 1919.
This is the great Arc of
Triumph of Napoleon which
he built to commemorate
his victories. On it are
inscribed his victories
and generals. Under it the
Germans marched when they
left Paris in 1871. They were
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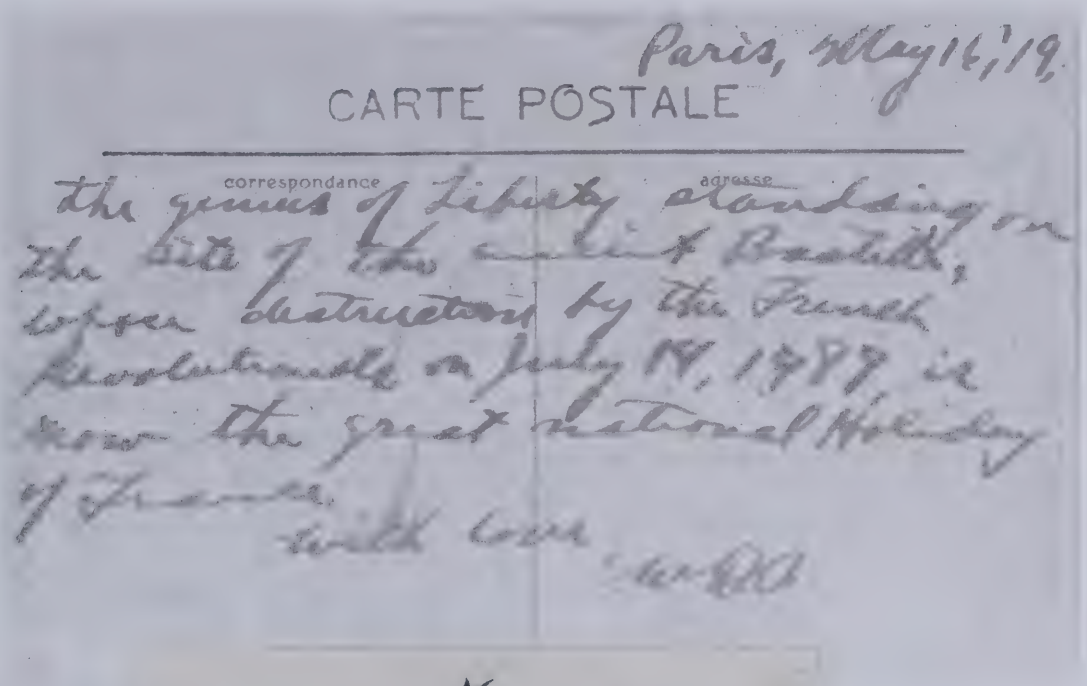
humiliation, to take it down
only when they evened
accounts with Germany.
When Peace is signed the
chains will be literally
broken and the great triumphal
march will pass first time
in 50 years under it. With love.

Paris, May 16, 1919

The genius of Liberty standing on the site of the ancient Bastille, whose destruction by the French Revolutionists on July 14, 1789, is now the great National Holiday of France.

With Love,

WDS



Paris, May 16, 1919

My Dear Wife,

Hanging at the upper balcony you will see hundreds of battle flags which France has captured in her many wars. Most of them were trophies of Napoleon. At the back of this is the Fount of Napoleon.

Yours,

WDS

CARTE POSTALE

Paris May 16, 19.

Correspondance

Adresse

My Dear Wife.

Hanging at the upper balcony you will see hundreds of battle flags which France has captured in her many wars. Most of them were trophies of Napoleon. At the back of this is the Fount of Napoleon.

Yours W.D.S.

273. PARIS — Hôtel des Invalides — La Chapelle
Aux voûtes sont suspendus 366 Drapeaux pris à l'ennemi C. M.

Paris, May 16, 1919

The Chicago Ferris Wheel after which this is modeled was 268 feet high. This one is 328 feet high and from it all the city is seen as a grand panorama.

Yours,

WDS

Paris, May 16, 1919

The Chicago Ferris wheel after which this is modeled, was 268 feet high. This one is 328 feet high and from it all the city is seen as a grand panorama.

Yours

WDS

Paris, May 16, 1919

My Dear Wife,

One of the administrative buildings of Napoleon. Shown in another picture.

Yours,

WDS

CARTE POSTALE

correspondance

My dear wife.
One of the administrative buildings
of Napoleon. Shown in other picture.
Yours
W.D.S.

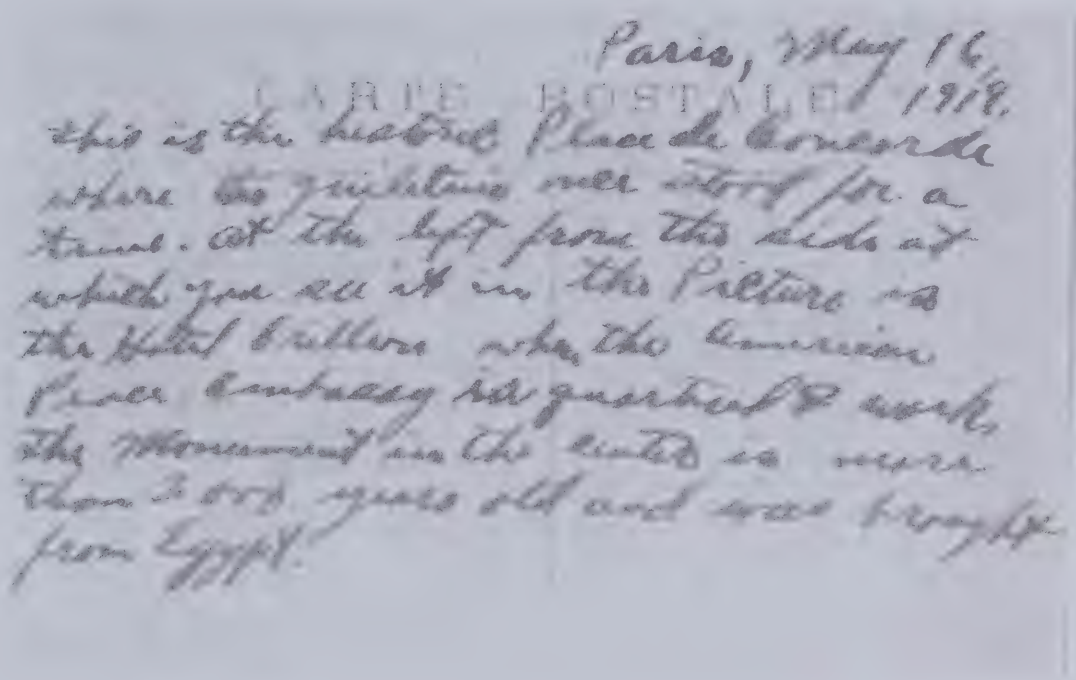
adresse

Paris, May 16, 19.

262. PARIS (7e arrt) — Les Invalides - Vue Générale
L'Hôtel des Invalides, depuis sa fondation en 1674 par Louis XIV, sert de retraite
aux glorieux vétérans de nos armées
C. M

Paris, May 16, 1919

This is the historic Place de Concorde where the guillotine over stood for a time. At the left from this side at which you see it in the picture is the Hotel Brillron where the American Peace Embassy is quartered and works. The monument in the center is more than 3000 years old and was brought from Egypt.


CARTE POSTALE
Paris, May 16, 1919.
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Paris, May 16, 1919

My Dear Wife,

On the left of this splendid work of art is the Grand Hotel De Louvre where I am writing now and staying while in Paris

With love,

WDS

Paris, May 16, 19.

CARTE POSTALE.

My Dear wife—
On the left of this splendid work of art is the Grt Hotel de Louvre where I am writing now and staying while in Paris
—with Love
WDS.

Paris May 16, 1919

The Trocadero is one of the structures still left from the Paris exposition. It is an Art building and a music Hall.

Yours,

WDS

Paris, May 16
CARTE POSTALE 1919
The Trocadero is one of the
structures still left from the
Paris exposition. It is an art
building and a music Hall.
Yours
WDS.

Paris, May 16, 1919

My Dear Wife,

Stock Exchange of Paris. It was a wild place today as fortunes came and went to the gamblers.

Yours,

WDS

Paris, France
May 16, 1919

My Dear Wife:

I have spent a day and a half in taking Y.M.C.A. trips over Paris and I assure you, it is a real city. This little booklet together with the other cards show some of the places I have been. Post cards do but scant justice to the superb architecture and beauty of sculpture on every card. I have seen the best America has in art, and anyone can easily see that it requires no trained eye to see that Paris outclasses us beyond comparison.

Here is the tomb of Napoleon. It is a most magnificent structure. Cards fail entirely to picture its sublimity, so I shall not attempt but only to tell you a little of its history. You will recall that Napoleon died in exile on the Isle of St Helens in 1821. It was not until 1840 that this beautiful structure was begun. It was not completed until 1860 when Napoleon's body was brought down the Seine and placed in the tomb which you see. There are 5 coffins, one inside the other. I might say also, that General Bertrand, one of the great Generals of Napoleon, and another of his great Generals whose name I do not recall, both went into voluntary exile with their Great Commander and are buried at either side of the altar, watching over him in death as they did so well during life. In one corner is the Tomb of Joseph Bonaparte who was placed on the throne of Spain by Napoleon and in the other corner is that of Gerome Bonaparte who was placed on the Throne of Westphalia by Napoleon, both brothers of Napoleon. You will recall that after the Battle of Waterloo, both of these men came to America, where Jerome Bonaparte married Miss Paterson. Their son was Secretary of War under Roosevelt. The lights about the altar are especially a work of lost art. Bright sunlight perpetually falls on the altar. I was in on a cloudy day and the most brilliant sunlight was shed over the altar. It seems to have been a work of chance, since the same artist has since tried to duplicate the work without success.

The Champ Elysees is the Broadway of Paris. The Pantheon is the building after which our National Capitol is patterned. It is an art Museum, and in its base, some of the great sons of France repose, among them are Jean Jacques Rosseau, Voltaire, Victor Hugo.

This is the Hotel Des Invalides, or Napoleon's Tomb at the rear of which is the Invalides, an enormous structure where one finds an enormous display of statuary and artillery, and formerly used as one of the administrative buildings of Napoleon.

The bridges across the Seine are beautiful structures adorned with priceless statuary only fully portrayed in post cards. This one was erected by Czar Alexander III.

Eiffel Tower nearly 1000 feet which is very deceptive as its actual size. The base covers nearly 4 acres of ground. On the first floor is a theatre and café. It will hold 2000 people. The reports which we used in correcting our artillery fire in France so far as barometric pressure is concerned, came to us each day from the top of the Eiffel Tower.

The pyramid stands where the guillotine used to stand for the first year and a half of the Revolution and where more than 2800 persons were beheaded. It was then moved because the store keepers objected that it crippled their business in the adjacent vicinity. At the farther side and on the left is where the American Peace Embassy is located in the Hotel Brillion. It is here that the serious mobs of Paris always assemble, especially on May 1st, this year. It is much larger than the picture shows and of great Historic significance in French History. On eight corners are mammoth statues of women representing the important French cities. The one representing Strasburg was draped for 50 years since it was taken by the Germans in 1870. The drapery is now removed showing her reunion with the other cities of France. The Place de Concorde, as all the other public places of Paris, is now lined with captured Bosche artillery and tanks.

The Exchange is a wild place, similar to our Stock exchanges in Chicago and New York.

Here is where the Old Bastille stood. It was destroyed in 1789. White circles on the pavement still mark the spot of the Historic Prison. The buildings at the farther left hand corner are still as they stood in 1789. The Independence Day of France is the 14th day of July commemorating the destruction of the Bastille. On the column of July stands the Genius of Liberty.

With Tenderest Love,
I am sincerely yours,
WD Stump

Napoleon's Tomb at Hotel Des Invalides

Paris, France
May 18, 1919

My Dear Clementine:

The most beautiful place in the world I am sure is Versailles. It is the palace built by Louis XIV. It is impossible to estimate the cost of this magnificent structure and the gardens and courts surrounding. The Galerie Des Glaces is the room where the Germans compelled the French to sign the humiliating terms of Peace in 1871. It is the same room where the Allies compelled the Germans to sign a different sort of Peace Treaty several days ago. The table shown here in the Salle Du Conseil was moved into the Galerie Des Glaces and upon this ancient and splendid table the great document was inscribed by all the governments of the world. You will observe that upon that table I wrote your name and the name of Harold.

With tenderest love, I am

Sincerely yours,
WDS

Paris, France,
May 18, 1919.

My dear Emeline:-

The most beautiful place in the world I am sure is Versailles. It is the palace built by Louis XIV. It is impossible to estimate the cost of this magnificent structure and the gardens & courts surrounding. The Galerie des Glaces is the room where Germany compelled the French to sign the humiliating terms of Peace in 1871. It is the same room where the allies compelled the Germans to sign a different sort of Peace Treaty on June 28th. The table shown here in the picture is the Council table around which the plenipotentiaries met & the picture was painted to commemorate the meeting of the world. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Château de VERSAILLES

Le Château ✻ Musée ✻ Parc

N° 1

La France

VI. — CHATEAU DE VERSAILLES

1. **Vue du Château.**
2. **Galerie des glaces.**
3. **Chambre de Louis XIV.**
4. **Escalier de marbre.**
5. **Salon.**
6. **Bassin de Latone.**
7. **Le Char embourbé.**
8. **Bassin d'Apollon.**

Le château de Versailles se composait à l'origine d'un pavillon de chasse bâti par Louis XIII. Ce fut Louis XIV qui en fit la merveille que nous voyons aujourd'hui.

Mansard pour le palais, Le Notre pour les jardins, réalisèrent le rêve du grand roi.

Louis XV en augmenta la façade sur la cour, Louis-Philippe acheva le palais et en fit un musée consacré à toutes les gloires de la France. Mais la politique en y installant le Parlement en 1871, défigura l'œuvre des siècles passés.

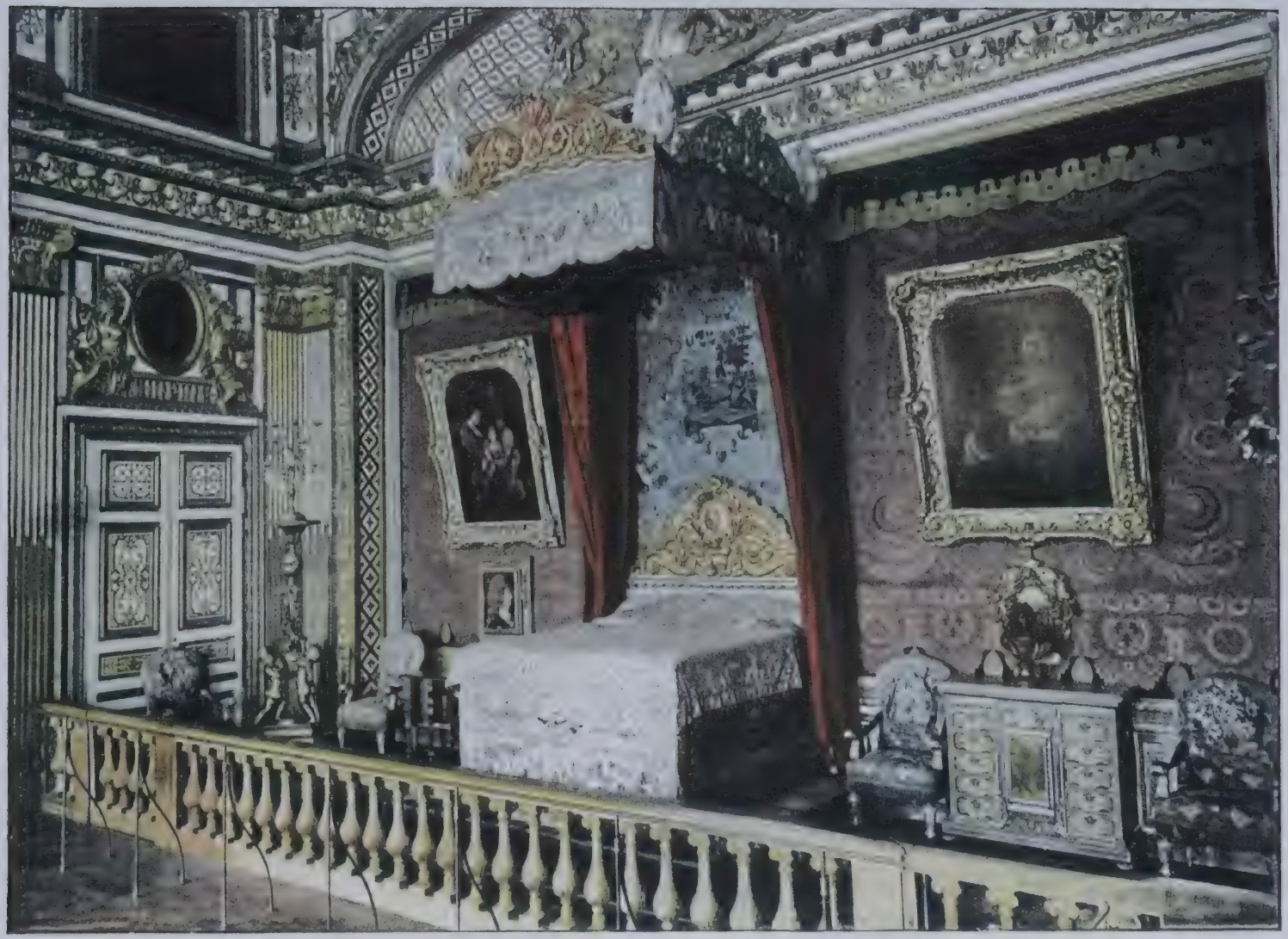
La cour d'honneur qui précède le palais est encadrée par seize statues monumentales. Il faut visiter dans le palais : La Chapelle, l'escalier de marbre, la galerie des glaces, les appartements de Louis XIV et ceux de Marie-Antoinette, la galerie des batailles, et dans les jardins : les bassins de Latone, de Neptune, du Char Embourbé, des bains d'Apollon, etc.

Les clichés photographiques qui ont servi à faire ce fascicule sont de MM. PAMARD frères.

VERSAILLES

General view of the Castel. | Vue générale du Chateau. | Haupt-ansicht des Schlosses.

THE GLASS-GALLERY. GALERIE DES GLACES. DIE SPIEGEL-GALLERIE.



Louis XVI'S Room — Chambre de Louis XIV. — Schlafzimmer Ludwig's des Vierzehnten.

The Queen's Staircase. Escalier de la Reine, ou de marbre. Marmor, oder Königin's Treppe.

Room of the King, or Council. Salle du Conseil. Rathskammer.

Latona Bassin. Bassin de Latone. Das Wasserspiel von Latona.

THE CAR OF APOLLO, AND THE ROYAL WALK. BASSIN D'APOLLON, ET LE TAPIS VERT. DAS WASSERSPIEL VON APOLLO UND DER GRÜNE TEPPICH.

The baths of Apollo. Bosquet des Bains d'Apollon. Die Grotte von Apollo

Mme M. MOREAU
Editeur
VERSAILLES (S.-et-O.)

Chalons-Sur-Marne, France
May 18, 1919

My Dear Wife,

We left Chateau Thierry this morning at 9:36 A.M. and went to Epernay, and then to the famous City of Rheims. I never saw such a complete destruction of a place as I witnessed in Rheims. It seems that the very gates of Hell were turned loose to wreak vengeance upon it. These post cards utterly fail to show the supreme desolation and misery that prevail on every hand. Rheims was once a lovely city. There is barely one stone left upon another now. All mankind suffered a common loss in the deliberate destruction of the great cathedral. It was one of the most notable achievements in art in all the world. The Huns purposely bombarded. Its walls still stand in part, but almost every one of the hundreds of statues are crushed and broken. The window glass was the same as that in the Notre dame de Paris, and can never be duplicated.

We ate dinner today in a little old crumbled ruin of a hotel, and we never complain of the meager supplies of food that they are able to serve us, for they can do no better. One of the saddest sights I ever saw was to see a splendid looking young woman standing by the railing around the tottering ruins of the Cathedral and cry as she looked for the first time since its destruction upon the once beautiful shrine of her worship. She prayed to the broken icons of the cathedral with her eyes filled with tears and her heart torn by passions which neither time nor money can ever abate, and I saw many refugees, some of whom arrived on the same train with me, with tear stained eyes slowly wending their way through the ruins of the city in search of their former homes; and I saw them standing, the little family group, around a disheveled mass of ruins, bowed in grief, and some digging in the ashes and debris for a little memento of what once represented all their hopes, pride, and self-sacrifice. No tongue can picture the misery, no pen can portray the desolation.

I was also over the battlefields about Rheims. Things are yet very much as they were when the battle roar ceased. The ruin is so great, that the people seem bewildered and do not know where to begin. Reims is in a beautiful valley and as far as the eye can see, there is nothing but trenches, dugouts, barbed wire entanglements, broken tanks, unused ammunition, etc. One is impressed by the stillness that prevails and it seems lonely like a lull in the great conflict which is ready to break forth at any minute. And those whose eyes have witnessed the destruction of home and priceless treasures, besides the pouring out of the blood of their own friends in defense of these things, seem to walk with a dazed and unsteady step and with an apparent fear obsessing them that an unknown misery is still lurking for them about the ruins of their once happy firesides. These people are intelligent and progressive and never harmed any man; it seems impossible to conceive that they should have been the specially chosen ones to suffer so.

We are in Chalons-Sur-Marne tonight. One end of the hotel in which we are putting up, the Hotel de Angeleterre, was entirely blown away by a bomb from an airplane during the war. The building is propped up on one side by props to keep it from falling. There was much destruction here by airplanes but not at Rheims. Tomorrow morning we leave for Verdun.

Tenderest love,

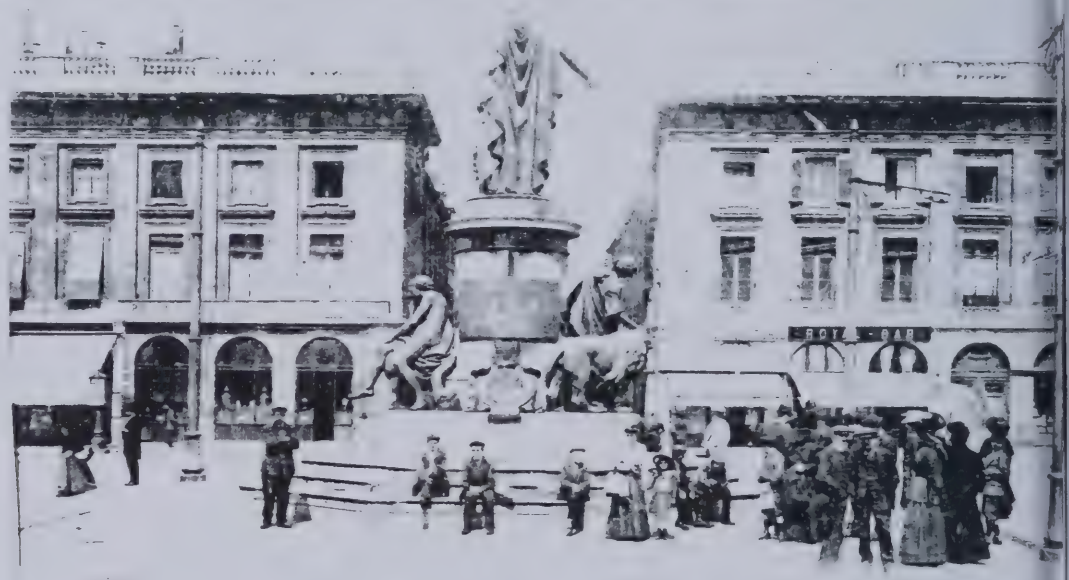
WD Stump

My Dear Wife,

I might add that it was just to the south of Chalons-Sur-Marne, about 20 miles, as my troop train last October was pulling to the front, that we all heard the cannonade of battle… stated more clearly, we were at the point where the Seine River bends farthest to the North, and from this to Chalons-Sur-Marne where the battle was on, it was about 20 miles.

Love,

WDS



REIMS - Place Royale, avant le Bombardement
RHEIMS - Royal Square, before the Bombardment

REIMS Place Royale, après le Bombardement
RHEIMS — Royal Square, after the Bombardment

Chateau Thierry, France
May 18, 1919

My Dear Wife:

Just one year ago today I graduated from Fort Sill School of Fire. I am celebrating the anniversary by a sight seeing trip over the blood-washed fields of France. I am in Chateau Thierry today, arriving from Paris about noon today. Dr. C.S. Morrow of Memphis, Tennessee is with me on the trip. We are in the Hotel de la Gare tonight. We fortunately took a trip from here to Soissons and back by a different road this afternoon by auto. We saw the battlefields of Chateau Thierry and Soissons. This is the scene of the two great battles of the Marne – in 1914 and in 1918. All the land is covered with the cruel foot prints of war. Broken and overturned cannons, Machine guns, thousands of shells, and many graves of soldiers who gave up their lives on these fields of immortal glory. We are staying in a hotel in Chateau Thierry which is filled with shell holes. All of the scenes shown on these post cards are the same today as I saw them as they are in the pictures. Soissons is very much more shell-torn than Chateau Thierry. We rode about 100 miles this P.M. and everywhere the buildings are shell torn or a mass of ruins. The bridges over the Marne which once were beautiful structures, but now only temporary wooden bridges mark their places. This part of France is very beautiful in natural scenery and a rich farming community. The people are very intelligent and progressive, and in spite of the apparent misery and desolation, they seem to be very happy. Thousands of Hun Prisoners of War are being worked over these fields every day filling up the shell craters and undoing the work of their own hands. I was also through Belleau Wood today, the place where the American boys fought hand to hand with the Bosche and stopped their advance on Paris. There are many American graves everywhere.

I would love to have you with me on this great trip.

With tenderest love, I am

Sincerely yours,

W.D. Stump

Dear Wife,

I might add that I saw the place where the big Bertha was located when she shelled Paris. You will recall that she dropped a shell in or about Paris about every 15 minutes for many weeks during the latter part of the war. When I went through Paris for the advance section last October, she was operating but farther back. Yesterday in Paris, I saw many places where her projectiles hit, some of which they are now repairing. There were about 450 people in and about Paris killed by the projectiles from the Big Bertha, nearly half of

which number were killed in the St Germaine cathedral. I was in this church and saw the destructive work she did.

I was also in the little American graveyard shown herein, and had my photo taken while in the graveyard by some of the Y.M.C.A. visitors. This graveyard is located by the roadside between Chateau Thierry and Soissons, just below Belleau Wood.

With love,

WDS

10. BRÉCY 1918 — Emplacement de la grosse Bertha laquelle tirait sur Paris
The place from where Big Bertha fired on Paris

German trenches in front of Belleau wood on the road to the village they were retaken three times by, the Americans.

17. BELLEAU 1918 — Tranchée Allemande se trouvant devant le bois de Belleau sur la route de ce village - Par trois fois elle fut reprise par les Americains

18. BELLEAU 1918 — Le Cimetiere Americain American church yard

Chalons-Sur-Marne, France
May 19, 1919

My Dear Wife:

In addition to what I told you of this city and community in my letter on Rheims, I might add that there is a very beautiful cathedral here also. These pictures come as far short of telling the whole truth that I hesitate sometimes to send them. While the cathedral in Chalons is not as elaborately decorated as the Notre Dame de Paris, nor Rheims and it has only one tower, yet it is so far superior to anything of this character in America. There is no comparison. The Germans made repeated efforts by airplane to destroy this work of art, but always hit some adjacent building instead, and it happens that the Hotel Angleterre in which we are staying tonight was one the Germans succeeded in dropping a bomb on. The American Red Cross is here, and it is completely demolished and the Red Cross supplies besides killing a number of people.

Chalons is situated in a wealthy and beautiful farming community. I might add also that I have devoted about an hour a day to the study of French for the past two months, and I get along "parlez-vousing Francais" quite well on this trip. In fact very much better than I anticipated.

With tenderest love,
I am sincerely yours,
WD Stump

Verdun, France
May 19, 1919

My Dear Wife,

I've left Chalons-Sur-Marne this morning at 6:30 A.M. and arrived in Verdun at 12:00 o'clock noon. There were mighty scant accommodations here in the way of eating facilities. There are only a few people back in the city and there are no stores or restaurants excepting 2 or 3 little places. One of which we bought 2 eggs and a little cheese and a small piece of bread. Not being able to procure any transportation, we started on foot over the famous battle field of Verdun. This is the greatest spot of territory under the sun from the standpoint of the world's great battles. We walked something like 12 or 14 miles this afternoon and everywhere is the evidence of the most terrible cannonade in the history of the world. You will recall that there were something like 7 or 8 fortresses surrounding Verdun, each of which is strategically located so as to command not only the Muse Valley but all the wide expanse of territory to the distant hills. It is the most ideally constructed battleground that one could imagine, and thank goodness, it was soil which was useless for cultivation, for it has been so pounded and repounded that it is destined to be a barren waste for this reason alone for all time. There is an expanse of some 4 or 5 miles that has not a square foot of ground that has escaped shells. It is utterly impossible to overstate the facts. Every tree over all these hills has been cut down by shells, even the trees back in the far distance, the few trees still standing, have been so cut by shell and shrapnel that they are all dead. They stand there as tombstones over the graves of hundreds of thousands. You will recall that the Germans used 14 divisions against 3 divisions of French. These divisions were constantly replaced by Irish Troops. The Germans lost in this one struggle over 500,000 in killed; the French 150,000 in killed. I have seen hundreds of wounded French soldiers, and have often asked them where they were wounded. They usually point significantly toward Verdun. I saw today dozens of human skeletons and bones of horses. One place I noted especially as the work of a high explosive. I saw the head of a horse and on further investigation, I found his harness, and discovered it to be artillery harness. Then I found the tongue of the caisson, and the caisson shield, and around the spot a number of French helmets and the bones of a human body. Thousands, yes, many thousands of the French soldiers have been collected and buried in a beautiful little burying ground at the south side of the field. But there are literally hundreds of thousands of graves, both French and German, scattered promiscuously over the battle field. Every step you take you see bullets, cartridges, shell splinters, or shrapnel balls, broken wheels of cannon, broken cannon, harness, hundreds of Bosche and French helmets, broken and twisted rifles and bayonets, and equipment of all sorts. The human skeletons still lying about, the French Say, are all Bosche and that they didn't exercise the same care in burying them. The Germans captured all of the outer fortresses excepting Fort Souville, a picture of which you will find in this book. I was in a number of the deep dugouts of Fort Souville, and at the exact place shown in the pictures. I have the latch from the door of this fort as a souvenir. It happened to be loose and it was of no further service in Verdun. In order that I do not forget it late, I might also say that I have a small piece of high explosive shell which knocked a tree away from a place immediately in front of one of the gun

emplacements of Fort Souville. I picked the shell splinter out of the splintered stump. Death Valley is immediately beyond this hill and is literally covered with graves by men struggling over the possession of this important point. From the top of this fortress, I was able to see almost every part of the battlefield. With the exception of a few tourists, there was not sign of life over the entire battlefield. It is a vast grave yard, lacking all of the artificial beauty usually given to burying grounds. The few tree snags that are left standing are dead and white like tombstones, only a very few having any bark, limbs, or leaves. The few that have leaves are without limbs and the leaves are closely hugging the bodies of the trees. The soil is not very productive and vegetation starts slowly. After four years, the greater part of the fields are still barren. The four-year-old camouflage still is evident on every hand where they covered gun emplacements, machine gun nests, roads, paths, narrow gauge Railroads leading to ammunition dumps and supply stations. How any one lived is a mystery in spite of the thousands of 40 to 60 foot deep dugouts and the vast underground system of trenches.

For supper tonight we bought 4 oranges, 6 eggs, about one third of a French loaf of bread, some sardines, and each a bottle of beer. We ate this elaborate meal in the ruins of an old French building in Verdun. I know you are wondering what in the fire we did with the raw eggs. Well, we simply broke the ends out, tipped our heads slightly backward and let them go. This dose was always immediately followed by a swallow of beer in order that there be no mistake in the direction taken by the egg. As I said before, accommodations are not what you might expect in up to date cities. As we were eating this evening, three middle aged men and one woman with a little child came by. They saw us eating and the woman came to the door and looked in but said nothing. The marks of suffering and hunger were too plainly written on all their faces to need any words to tell the sad story. We at once made an equal division of what we had, hungry as we were after our long difficult hike. The joy that lit up their faces did us more good than a banquet in the Waldorf Astoria.

We have no place to stay tonight. Not even blankets. So we are going to cuddle up under some old ruin of a former French Home.

With tenderest love,
I am
Sincerely yours.

Walter D. Stump

Luxembourg, Luxembourg
May 20, 1919

My Dear Wife,

I reached Luxembourg this evening about 8:00 P.M. -- by the time in Europe it was not 8:00 P.M., but 20 o'clock. They do not count it by 12 hours A.M. and 12 P.M. but 24 hours in each day. It is accordingly 23:55 o'clock now. I am waiting till 1:00 o'clock in the morning to catch a rain for Luge and then go to Brussels. The little country of Luxembourg is indeed a beautiful kingdom. It is very fertile and the people are very prosperous farmers, besides the iron mines afford a very great amount of business and are conducive to the development of factories. We came up through the Moselle Valley from Metz, and I do not think I have seen a finer place in Europe than this beautiful valley. The people are a mixture of German, Belgian, and French. I found myself quite lost in getting on with the people here for I am not able to talk German. I get along fairly well with the French, however, and in this way, I get through without a great difficulty. We took a stroll over the city this evening and I have a fairly good idea of the community. This is part of the base of the American Third Army and I have talked with many of the boys of the army of occupation.

I attended a movie here tonight, and was somewhat surprised to find the people here listening to and watching a full-blooded American show. The reading matter which interspersed the play was in French. Here you will see one of the difficulties of a little place like Luxembourg trying to run a government of their own. The country is too small to make its own distinctive patterns, even in movies. It is necessary for the folks to know the German, French, Belgian, and Holland in order to transact the affairs of their ordinary lives. They get the money of all these countries in business exchanges as for instance, in buying my ticket for the theatre, it would have been necessary for me to have paid them in French Francs. Others paid in Belgian, and others in German. So you see, they must have a currency of their own and every little dealer always up on the rate of exchange. I said "would have been" in referring to the purchase of a ticket for the show. The fact was that being a soldier and taking a liking to the few Amercian soldiers with whom they have dealt, they told me to go in without a ticket. The truth will win out, says Banquo (a Shakespearian character). It was actually in buying a glass of beer that I got educated on the financial system of this country. I bought just one glass of the aforesaid beverage to take the place of a drink of water which I was not able to locate, and in the transaction, it was necessary to tender for payment a twenty franc note which I had. I got so blamed many different and strange kinds of money back in change that I am not able just yet to tell whether I made or lost in the transaction.

We, of course, saw all of the fine public buildings and the Royal Palace, etc. Almost always, I have found that the most notable architecture is in the cathedrals. We got to the Cathedral just as the Priest was locking the gates. When he saw that we wanted to come in, he opened the doors for us. I might say in this connection that I always try especially to be as polite and respectful as I can in their cathedrals. But in spite of my attempt to be reverent, I know that we are usually taken to be the most irreverent heretics around. My

associate, Capt. Morrow, when I mentioned this fact to him the other day, remonstrated with me about the matter, saying "that this was only an indication of the free, untrammeled Democracy of America, and that our unintentional, but seeming irreverence, would doubtless make a great hit with these people who were worshiping, especially the Priests." Well, we found that cathedral a great place, but not so elaborate as the ones we had been in before.

With tenderest love,
I am sincerely yours,

WD Stump

Brussels, Belgium
May 21, 1919

My Dear Wife,

We arrived in Brussels this morning from Luxembourg, and are registered at the Hotel L'Union. Brussels is often called "The Little Paris," and it certainly deserves the title. Belgium is the most lovely and beautiful country I have ever seen and Brussels the most artistic, excepting Paris. I have visited the King's Palace, the Capitol, the Art Museum, the Cathedral, the famous lace factories, the parks and many other points of interest. To see the splendor and ease of the people here, one would hardly think they had so recently undergone the horrors of a devastating war. As you perhaps know, there is no such thing as saloons in Europe, but plenty of drinking parlors and wine shops. In Belgian cities and also in Luxembourg and Metz, the streets are very wide and the side walks are accordingly built so that under the shades along the sidewalks, the drinking places, and this includes all hotels, besides hundreds of other places, the tables are set on the side walks and the people gather around these each evening and the pleasures continue until midnight. We arrived this morning at the Gare du Nord, which is shown and came out in the wide square shown in front. We finally registered at the Hotel L'Union just to the left of the square in front of the La Bourse, which is also shown. We have seen all of the beautiful sights shown in this book and many others. I might say here the square in front of the La Bourse, as all public squares in the larger cities of France and Belgium, is now decorated by very many Hun cannon and tanks and "busted" airplanes. The people here are certainly the finest type you could wish to meet. The prevailing language is French, and Paris must get up in the morning to beat Brussels. I would give my right arm to have you here with me.

With tenderest love,
WD Stump

Brussels, Belgium
May 22, 1919

My Dear Wife,

We have just returned to Brussels from Waterloo where we went over the famous battle groundof Napoleon and Wellington. We left Brussels at 2:00 P.M. and it is now 5:00 P.M. Our train leaves here for Antwerp, Belgium in on hour. I might say here that I go where I please on this trip and make out the schedule for each day according to the train accommodations in the city in which I happen to be. So I do not know at present what places I will be able to visit up to the 28th, the day my leave expires. We are only required to pay one fourth the regular car fare rates, and this with other privileges which we enjoy in Allied Countries makes our trip very economical. It is indeed a great opportunity and I am seeing many things of worldwide interest which I have long waited to see. I think I shall go to Ostend and then to Lille and over the British Battlefront in Flanders and Normandy.

The Monument on the Battlefield of Waterloo is 200 feet high, and a great deal larger than it appears. The sunken road of O'Hain into which Napoleon's cavalry rode under Marshal Ney was just in front of the white house shown in the first card. The old sunken road is now filled up and today they were laying an extension of the Brussels-Waterloo Tramway over it, and over it also is the main road to the Monument. When I return home, I shall reread Victor Hugo's story of the Battle of Waterloo with more interest and appreciation. The squares of Wellington were formed in and near the village of Mont St. Jean shown in the second picture. In the Hotel shown in this picture is where Victor Hugo lived for about 4 months while he wrote the story of Jean Val Jean, or Les Miserables.

With tenderest love,
Sincerely yours,
WD Stump

Waterloo
Panorama de la plaine de Waterloo. Vue sur Waterloo et Mont-St-Jean.
Panorama of the battlefield of Waterloo and Mont-St-Jean.

Waterloo, Belgium
May 22, 1919

My Dear Wife,

Near the Monument here stands the structure containing the famous painting of the Battle of Waterloo. The pictures in this little book are taken from it. The painting is perhaps 40 feet high and 300 feet long. It is circular and in the center is an elevated platform with a railing around on which the visitors from the world walk and linger for hours. In this painting, the characters are exactly life size and at the base, the entire way around are bronze or wooden forms of men and horses, life size, struggling or lying prostrate on the ground. Others are also painted to correspond with the uniforms of the various nationalities involved. They so mingle with the picture at the bottom that it is impossible to distinguish just where the real picture begins. The characters are in very many ways so artistically done that you can readily distinguish them in the picture and they seem to come out of the picture and thus the Battle of Waterloo goes on forever.

You will be interested to know in this connection that this morning as I was walking down the streets of Brussels on my way to the station for a tramway for Waterloo, I saw two M.P.'s pass. (M.P.'s, you know, are Military Police in the U.S. Army). Well, the boys stopped at my beckon to them, came up to me, and respectfully saluted. They were both fine looking American boys, and I asked them the street to the station. I did not know the boys, but in the answer, I recognized the voice of George Huitema. I asked him what his name was and verified his identity, when he recognized me. He has been on M.P. duty here for some months and just said that he was then on his way to the station to leave for Brest, France, for debarkation to the U.S.

With tenderest love,
I am, sincerely yours,

WD Stump

Ostende, Belgium
May 24, 1919

My Dear Wife,

This is a sample of which there are hundreds, but you know that sights like this never bothered me. I am thinking only of my Sunday School lessons.

WDS

Ostende, Belgium,
CARTE POSTALE May 24, 1919
My Dear wife:- This is a sample of
which there are hundreds, but you
know that sights like this never
bothered me. I am thinking only of
my Sunday School lessons. W.D.S.
Yours.

Edit. H. R. Ostende

Ostende, Belgium
May 24, 1919

My Dear Wife,

We arrived here last by way of Brussels. We came through Ghent where we were delayed some 3 or 4 hours by an explosion of a large collection of ammunition near the railroad track in Ghent. The explosion was very terrific and destroyed a considerable portion of the railroad track. There is considerable doubt as to the cause of the explosion, but it most likely was deliberately exploded by Hun prisoners of war who are employed in collecting it and salvaging same.

The country is very beautiful from Brussels to Ostende and very productive. Ostende is one of the most celebrated summer resorts in the world. It has been out of commission since the war, of course, but now there is a general reawakening in Ostende and the resort was opened just a few days ago. I am including herewith several cards of sights which are very common here.

We have taken in all of the sights which you see in this little book. Bosche lived along the entire Atlantic Coast which they occupied during the war with heavy artillery to block the attacks of the British and American Navies. These pictures give you a very good idea of them. These guns are all exactly as the Huns placed them; they tried to destroy all of them when they retreated during the closing days of the war, but the retreat became so precipitous that they were not able to accomplish their purpose. You will see one of the guns with a larger hole bursted in the bore. I saw a number of these in this condition. I think this was done by placing heavy charges of high explosives in the bore and discharged for the express reason of destroying them just as you see in the picture. Several residents here told me of witnessing instances of Hun barbarity as the amputation of the hands of little children. They were extremely inhumane to the inhabitants of Ostende.

It is a common sight in Europe to see dog teams, but I have never seen so many in a town as here. It seems that everyone has a team of dogs and they appear to take a great interest in the work their masters ask them to do.

With tenderest love,
I am sincerely yours,
WDStump

Zeebrugge, Belgium
May 24, 1919

One of the most interesting places which I have seen on my trip is Zeebrugge. You will recall that at Brugges was the great German submarine base during the war. There are two canals, both very deep, one of which comes to Ostende and the other to Zeebrugge, from Brugges. There was also a large assembling plant for German subs at Zeebrugge. It was at these places that the subs were built, the sub crews were trained, and the headquarters from which they operated. One of the most spectacular sights though I ever saw was the ships sunk in the mouth of the canal at Zeebrugge to bottle up the subs. It was an eminently successful enterprise, for there is hardly room enough around the ships for a row boat to pass. The British were successful in getting two of their ships sunk directly in the mouth of the canal. The third one was sunk before she reached the canal out in the harbor. In addition to these, the ship, "City of Brussels" was sunk directly in the mouth of the harbor. How the British ever accomplished this feat in the face of all of the Bosch cannon which are formidably lined up all around the harbor and the coast line is a mystery. The more one sees along the coast here, the more one is impressed by the work of the British navy.

The "mole' here is a vast work of engineering. It makes an artificial harbor at Zeebrugge. The "mole' is perhaps twelve rods wide and two miles long. It is semi-circular and extends in far out into the sea. I walked around the entire length of the mole and inspected the hundreds of guns which you see lined along its border, and was also in the very top of the tower which you see at the further end and far out in the channel. The British succeeded in landing a shell from their naval guns in the tower and its walls are pretty badly cracked. You will also see at one place how the British blew up the mole at one point. There is now a suspension bridge across the wide gap. The Boshe have machine gun emplacements and many barbed wire entanglements on the "mole' as defensive measures against the possibility of the British making an attack upon it and landing a force there.

With tenderest love, I am,
Sincerely yours.
WD Stump

Ruines de Zeebrugge 1914-18 La paralysie des sous-marins boches et l'embouteillage de leur port d'attache
The ruins at Zeebrugge The way the German submarines were paralysed and how their base was bottled up

Ostende, Belgium
May 24, 1919

My Dear Wife:

I walked several miles along the sea-shore today. The season is just now opening, and the first time in four years and more, things are right gay here I assure you. Enclosed herewith are some sea shells which I gathered on the beach here shown.

With Tenderest Love,
WDS

Popperlinge, Belgium
May 25, 1919

We have just arrived in this little city, which is situated about 10 kilometers from where Ypres used to be. We just came from Ypres, and it was once a city of about 20,000. Absolutely every building in the city was destroyed. There is nothing left. There are not even walls of buildings left standing in most places. One can hardly imagine the completeness of desolation and destruction. For many miles there is not a live tree. There is hardly a sign of life over the great battlefield of Ypres. It is a monumental graveyard.

Sincerest love,
WDS

Ruines d'Ypres
The ruins at Ypres
1914-18
Les Halles, la Grand'Place et la rue au Beurre
The Cloth Halls, the Market Place and the Butter street

Bruges, Belgium
May 25, 1919

My Dear Wife,

From Zuebrugge (?) we returned to Astundr (?) and then came to Bruges where we are putting up for the night. You will notice in this series of cards some scenes of the enormous German submarine factory here in Bruges. It was here that they turned out practically all of their subs and many of their crews were trained in the canals which respectively lead to Astundr (?) and Zuebrugge (?). I might call to your attention here that the loose post cards which I last sent you and several here are photographs taken by the Huns themselves and now are on sale by the local dealer. The people here and in all this part of Belgium are Flemish and they speak the Holland Language. I am not getting along with their lingo as well as I do with the French and you will understand, of course, that I am no expert on that. But here are many who speak French and English, so we have but little trouble after all. Of all of the very interesting things here, aside from the sub factories and training places, are the chimes on the cathedral. The people here, as everywhere in Belgium, are exceedingly grateful for the services of the Americans in the war and especially in feeding the people during the Dark Days of German Occupation. They tell the same stories of Hun barbarity and state that the Huns frequently purloined the rations which the American Red Dross sent in. The civilians told me these things and they were repeated with special emphasis to me by several Catholic Sister of Charity who co-operated with the Americans in the equitable distribution of the food supplies. The weather is ideal and our trip is of great educational value. I wish many times for your presence with me.

With tenderest love, I am,
Sincerely yours,

WDS

Routiers, Belgium
May 26, 1919

My Dear Wife,

We arrived from Bruges today about 10"00 A.M. and will be here until about 1:00 P.M. today. It is Sunday and the villagers are on their way to church or returning there from. I have just talked to several Belgians who say that the people here as in many parts of the devastated parts of Belgium could not have lived had it not been for the relief of the American Red Cross.

They also say that frequently, the Huns took the nice wheat bread which our Red Cross gave them and in return gave the Belgiums of their rotten black Bosche Bread. They also repeat the old story of Hun barbarity in many ways, and especially that the Huns took every man who was able to work for them. They employed them on the front, in their mines and on their farms. Their eyes still fill with tears as they relate the sad stories, especially they point out the return of many of their men and boys after President Wilson's remonstrances with Germany about the depopulation of Belgium before we entered the war, and how the people cried as they saw their sons returning. More than half starved, and naked and broken by disease and abuse and the whips of the hun slave drivers. Most of them were so broken in health and spirit they died very soon.

The people here will never forget the deep and profound disgust for Germany, nor their love and reverence for the United States. They do not hesitate to express this gratitude to us as they recognize that we are Americans.

These photos were taken by the Bosche.

Love,

WDS

(1)

PhoB

Carte Postale

Routers, Belgium.
May 26, 1919.

My dear wife:- We arrived from Bruges today about 10:00 A.M. and will be here until about 1:00 P.M. today. It is Sunday and the villagers are on their way to church or returning therefrom. I have just talked to several Belgians who say that the people here as in many parts of the devastated parts of Belgium could not have lived had it not been for the help of the american Red Cross

They also say that frequently the Huns took the rice what bread which our Red Cross gave them and in return gave the Belgians of their rotten black Bosche Bread. They also repeat the old story of Hun barbarity in many ways, and especially that the Huns took every man who was able to work for them. They used em-ployed them on the front, in their mines and on their farms.

PhoB

(2)

PhoB Carte Postale

Their eyes still fill with tears as they relate the sad stories. Especially they point out the returns of their men & boys many of for Pres. Wilson's remonstrances with Germany about the deportation of Belgians before we entered the war, and how the people cried as they saw their loved returning more than half starved & naked.

And broken by disease and abuse and the whips of the Hun slave drivers. Many of them were as broken in health & spirit they died very soon.

PhoB Carte Postale

The people here will never forget the days of profound disgust for Germany, nor their love & reverence for the United States. They do not hesitate to express this gratitude to us as they recognize that we are Americans.

Love, W.D.S.

Sent with
This note written by the sweetheart

Sur la tombe des martyrs.

Le pillage.

L'exode

HAELEN. 1914. - Les hussards de la Mort arrêtés
par nos carabiniers.

W. D. Stamps
Capt. U. S. A.
Mrs. W. D. Stamps
Vermont,
Jackson
Co. Ga.

Port Bouguen, France,
May 30, 1919.

My Dear Parents;-

I have just returned from a two weeks trip over France and am already quite deeply involved in the proceedings of the camp. I have but a little time in which to write this evening and shall not go into detail about my trip at this time. Besides, I am sending Clementine a Book of Post Cards of each place that I visited, which will assist in a small way to inform you all of the things and experiences that I have had. In each of these booklets of Post Cards you will find a letter which I wrote to my wife while I was in the midst of the scenes depicted in the pictures. I am not sending all of these at one time, but on the other hand I send one each day in the order in which I visited the various places so that it will be as much of a surprise to you as it was to me to see from day to day where the following day will find me. In making the trip I found very poor transportation facilities over some parts of the battle front and for this reason not always able to tell myself just where I would be on the following day. I went for the educational and practical value of the trip, for I did not want to return to the Unites States without knowing at first hand the scenes of which the world read about and marveled about for the past four years or five years. Owing to the advantages under which soldiers in France now travel the trip did not cost me but a very small part of what it would otherwise have cost, or what it would cost a civilian. You will be able to see from time to time the post cards which I am sending Clementine each day and with the map of France I hope you will receive much pleasure in the very little I am able to send you of the great things I have seen.

Since I have already dispatched to here the scenes of Paris and Chateau Thierry I might add just a little to what I have already told here. The city of Paris is the most beautiful city in the world. There is nothing new and there has never been anything to compare with the art and architecture and statuary which greets one on every hand. I cannot begin to tell you all that I saw in one letter in the way of world famous historic scenes of Paris, as the location of the old bastille, the Place de Concorde where the guilletine first stood, and where more than twenty eight hundred people lost their lives, the same place where the great May Day demonstration took place this year. But after seeing all of these things, the very dearest thing upon which any American can look in Paris is the little humble tomb of our LaFayette. Napoleon is buried in a building which stands almost alone for its splendor, while LaFayette is resting in a little quiet corner of the grave yard of the Sacred Heart Convent. One can hardly find the place without a guide. You pass through the gates of the Convent and down the little winding paths to the farthest corner, where in a most unpretentious little tomb the Great Lover of Liberty sleeps. In the same grave yard there are buried something like thirteen hundred others, all of whom excepting LaFayette lost his life by the guilletine. You will remember that while the guilletine was operating it was a very dangerous thing for anyone to manifest any sorrow for the victims of the guilletine, not even for nearest friends, for this alone was on numerous occassions deemed sufficient evidence for the bourgeois classes to condemn one to the knife. On one September day in 1795 there was a specially large number put to death, all of the bodies of whom were piled back until evening when they were thrown promiscously into the tumbrils and hauled to a dumping ground. No one seemed to know just where this place was, and one little woman more brave than the rest lurked along after the tumbrils and found the place to be back on a stone wall into a quarry where they were roughly covered over. A hole had been broken into the wall and through this hole the tumbrils were hauled and dumped. LaFayette's sisters and his mother were among this number. These walls extend toward the Sacred Heart Convent which is located only about five hundred yards distant and in fact the same walls surround the Convent but with a partition wall between the convent and the dumping ground or quarry. All of these thirteen hundred were later taken up and buried the partition wall

There are several crosses still in the old quarry and in the partition wall an opening or gateway with iron bars across. Just in front of the gate is the little plain board step where the Sisters from the Convent repair daily and upon which they still kneel as the pray to the cross in the old quarry beyond. Just at the side of the gateway and in the side toward of the partition wall toward the Convent is the tomb of LaFayette and those of his entire family. Only a little back of this and toward the Convent is also the humble tomb of Marie Antoinette who was also one of the victims. I might add that on the grave is still the floral wreath which President Wilson placed there upon his first visit to Paris, upon which is a little card reading something as follows: "To the Great LaFayette from a fellow servant of Liberty". There is also the floral tribute of Gen. Pershing.

It was about this old Convent that Victor Hugo wove part of his wonderful story of Jean val Jean. I also took a special sight seeing trip in Paris which the Y. M. C. A. designated as the Hugo trip. On this round I saw very many of the places which figure preminently in the stories of Victor Hugo. Of course I shall re-read his stories when I get back home again and with a much deeper interest than ever before. This will also be true of French History in general.

I wish you would show this letter to my wife if she is home and have her keep the little book which I am inclosing herewith.

With best regards to all,

I am Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Scott

Fort Bouguen, France.
June 3, 1919.

My Dear Wife;-

After the harrangue which I gave you yesterday evening on the subject of booze and cigarettes and tobacco in general, you will be quite ready I am sure to move on to Metz, where we will take dinner and supper. After the limited rations which we had in Verdun, it was great to sit down before a table comfortably loaded with beef steaks and potatoes and a man's size schooner of ~~ix~~ beer. I might say that here in Metz as in all of the other cities of Europe, the first thing that the waiter asks you is the variety of drink you prefer, and around us in the dining room are many men and women eating and drinking very much along the lines above enumerated, and some very much more so. The only difference between Metz and the cities of France is that the waiters are asking us in terms ~~of~~ that smack very much of the much bedamed German what we want, instead of using the language of the French to which we have all become quite accustomed. The rule is, however, that the people speak both German and French.

We had a very pleasant journey from Verdun to Metz and had the delightful experience of seeing the much talked-of Von Hindenburg line at a place wher they had actua ly made a definite line of it, by establishing heavy cement posts about every rod or two apart which they connected by a heavy cable. They had very erroneously calculated that this means of protection would prevent our tanks from getting at them. But it did not, for in some way our tanks got over and under and you know the story. Judging from the vast and limitless amount of war material scattered over the ground for many miles to the east of the Hindenburg line, it is not difficult to imagine the fear trembling and utter lack of deliberation under which theymade ~~thx~~ what the Kaiser preferred then to call a"strategic retreat".

The western side of Lorraine is fringed with a chain of beautiful of mountains through which we pass enroute to Metz, and just beyond this is the fertile valley of the Moselle River. The railroad track is built at many places very near the edge of cliffs and deep ravines and the high hills are covered with forrests. The Germans completely destroyed the railroad line from Verdun nearly to the boundary line of Lorraine, and the reconstruction of this line is one of the many things done for France since the signing of the armistice. The Americans have also rebuilt hundreds of miles of road which had been destroyed either deliverately by the Hun or in artillery fire. There are still thousands of Hun prisoners working in all s rts of reconstruction work on the battlefield of Verdun and to the eastward. They are engaged in the delightful enterprise of filling shell holes, leveling the ground so that it can be plowed, gathering up the hundreds of duds(A dud you know is a shell that had a faulty fuse of some sort so that it did not detonate and they are now lying about ready to explode when improperly handled) There are thousands of these on eveyy battlefield, and it is very disconcerting to a French farmer to plow into one of them/ for the concussion is frequently such that he is late for dinner or he loses his plow or the oxen run off. I have associated with the French farmers on all of these battlefields, and while I did not get the full litteral translation of what they said when they struck a shell fragment or barb-wife which had been covered by shell fire and not entirely removed by the Hun police force at work on the fields, yet I am sure that it would h ve sounded very much like/a man plowing new ground in America, if put into plain English. the language of
In addition to the above hindrances to farming, there are thousands of rounds of ammunition, both small arms and artillery ammunition lying in the same piles in which it was placed during the bsttles, and then there ~~are~~ is miles of barbed wire still in the same conditi n in which it was originally placed. You would have no idea of the almost limitless amount of barbed wire lying about on the ground, a great deal of which was never used. It

seems like an endless task to attempt to remove that which is once placed out in the field as a barbed wire entanglement. It is wrapped into the most inconceivable twists and turns. It is easy to lay a barbed wire entanglement. I have helped to lay many of them, but it is -ell to try to take one up. The only successful way of getting it out of the way is by shooting it down with artillery. I have also done this. But I am willing to let the Boshe prisoners have a clear field in taking it out of the French fields.

Metz is a clean and progressive city, and it has a quite an air of German about it. But I am sure that the French sentiment prevails. One of the little evidences that there is astrong French sentiment here is shown by the rough manner in which they dispatched the statues of the German heroes standing about the public squares at the time of the French occupation last December. If the war had lasted another two months the Americans would have occupied the city in spite of the strong fortificati ns which the Germ ns had con-struct d all around it.

Well, I know you will want to know where I am going from here but I will tell you about this tomorrow evening. I cant help but feel that you are enjoy ing the sights in and about Metz and will want to stay there until tomorrow evening when we will take the train again and move on to _____????. In the meantime I might say that your letters are very few and far between. Why do you not write oftener? What I want to know about is yourself and if you have not anything else to write about you can write about yourself and Harold. How is he getting along with his artillery training? Does he understan all about the co-effecient of adjustment, ballistic efficiency, corrections of the moment, the panoramic sight, and deflection and deflection difference? I hope you are studying music. Tell me how you are getting along with it and everything else. Are you happy, my dear wife? That is the only way to fight the Germans, and until the treaty is signed the war is still on. So dont give up, We are having a hard time now, but there is much happiness coming afterwards.

With tenderest love, I am Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stumpf

Fort Bouguen, France,
June 5, 1919.

My Dear Wife;-

Before we leave Luxembourg I have in mind some things to tell you in reference to the passenger trains and modes of traffic in Europe which might be of interest to you. I am specially reminded of this by the discovery in my pockets of several tickets which the assistent Chef-de-Gare did not get at four or five of the various stations at which we stopped. Every Railroad station is Europe is so arranged that when you get off the train you pass out from the train through one of several gates, the number depending upon the size of the station, where there are special ticket collectors who collect all of the tickets from the passengers getting off at that point. Of course if one has inadvertently lost his ticket enroute he is out of luck, or if he has ridden on past the station to which his ticket calls for. In either case he will have some fare to pay to the ticket agent at the gates. I happen to have the tickets which I have placed in this letter because did not go out of the stations until after the collector had left the gates or it happened that the baggage room was open at several places and we went out there. These actions were not regular however, but are some of the ways that the Americans have of breaking the rules of the Europeans. It also happened that the Railroad stations at several of these places had been so badly shot to pieces during the war and were so full of holes that we had no special difficulty in passing out without waiting for the usual collection of tickets.

The cars are of three different classes, 1st class, 2nd class and 3rd class. In the first class cars, there are cushion seats, plenty of looking glasses, some nice pictures, a toilet, and other things that appeal to one. The 2nd class cars resemble very much the third class cars, but without some of the special trimmings, and they are more crowded, and the 3rd class cars have no cushion seats, but plain wooden seats and wooden backs, and no toilets. Both the 1st and 2nd class cars have aisles along one side of the car leading past the compartments but the 3rd class cars, have none of these accomodations and if one wishes to pass from one end of the car to the other, it is neccessary to walk along a board on the outside of the car. With the exception of the 1st class cars it is not possible to walk from one car to the other, excepting by the walk on the outside of the cars. So if you want to go to the dining car, it is necessary to wait until the train stops at a station and then get off the train and run to the rear of the train and of course take the chance of making it before the train pulls out of the station. You then remain in the dining car until the train stops at the next station where you again get off and make a run for your coach ahead. Under these conditions you will see that there is no such thing as a conductor coming through the train and calling,"Station stop is Waterloo, Change for the Air Line, east and west, Remember your parcels ", or something similar. The responsibility of your getting off at the right station rests entirely upon the travelor, and if you ride on past the station you do not have the delightful privilege of cussing out the Conductor for not telling you where to get off, but on the other hand you quietly walk into the station and pay the extra fare which you have used up and buy a ticket for your return to the right station, and hush the surging profanity which you feel while you wait until the next day for a train to carry you back. All of thetrains are divided into compartments. There are side doors, usually four on each side of the car. No end doors. From the side you walk into your compartment. There are seats on each side of the compartment running across the car. They do not have Pullman cars, but the seats on the 2nd and 1st class coaches are usually so arranged that they may be drawn out and converted into a bed, Not exactly a bed, but sort of a couch upon which you may lie down. Of course you have no blankets and if the night is cold there is scant pleasu in trying to sleep upon them. These compartments are arranged to accomodate from eight to twelve persons, depending upon the class of the coach. While the war was on I rode hundreds of miles on troop trains. The officers had 3rd class coaches, occassionally 2nd class cars in which to ride. The enlisted men rode in box cars.

on all the box cars there was written the words,"40 hommes, xxxxxxxx 8 chevaux", meaning 40 men or eight horses might be hauled in the car. This number depended of course upon the size of the car. We always loaded the cars exactly according to the number called for. I assure you that the men had a very much better place in which to ride than the officers. The men could lie down. Besides they always had their blankets with them, so that they were usually warm and dry. The officers never had blankets, and in these 3rd class cars they could n t have used them if they had had them. So there are some ways in which the enlisted men fared better than the officers. While riding on these trains we did not have anything to eat excepting field rations which consists of"Bully beef" and canned beans and hard tack. I might qualify this by saing that the Army of Occupation,which is now being replaced by various units, and some of which as you know are constantly being moved back to the debarkation camps, nearly always have a special car used a a field kitchen, and the trains are stopped every so often and the men all taken off and exercised and fed warm meals. But this was not done while the war was on at full blast. I rode on a long troop train for five days during the Meuse-Argonne drive. You can imagine the extremes to which the fellows were finally compelled to resort in answering the calls of nature. But French inhabitants all along the lines of troop movements soon got used to these sights and xx the boys very quickly forgot the timidity that restrained them at first. It was a game life and I would hardly want to go into all of the details of it in this letter, most of which you can easily picture by a little imagination, and most of the things you are imagining are just the things that actually happened.

"All aboard for Liege, Louvain and Brussells", TOOT, TOOT, were off for Brussells. We left Luxembourg about 1:00 A. M. and about 2:30 A. M. just when we had gotten nicely to sleep the train stopped and a gang of revenue collectors on the Belgium border rummaged everything on the train and everybody. They didnt pat a great deal of attention to us however, for they could easily see that there was no use, but we all had to get off the train and purchase new tickets for Brusells. It might be noted that it was here that I first discovered that that glass of beer which I took back in Luxembourg cost me three more francs that I had then suspected, for in the transaction the dealer xx passed off on me three bad pieces of xxxxx of currency. The silver piece I knew was bad, but did not recognize it until too late. It is a French piece of money which is one of the varieties tabooed by the French Government. One is a war relic of Strassbourg, Alsace, and the other is one of Luxembourg's types of exchange. These two latter would be good in the city of Strasbourg and Luxembourg respectively, but no where else unless they are luckey enough to pass them off on an American tourist. These three trophies are not worth a Continental dam to me , but they cost me approximately fifty cents in American money. I might mention along this line that in all large French cities the city issues a local currency which is good only in that particular community. The only paper currency which is good all over France or in any other country is that which is issued by the Banque de France.

Brussells is commonly called the "Petite Paris", pronounced as though it were spelled, peteet Paree, which means the little Paris. The French language and costumes prevail here and one almost xxx imagines that he is in Paris. The people however act and look more like the Americans than the people of Paris.

Among the many beautiful sights of Brussels is the Grand Place which still stands as one of the splendid achievements of the Spaniards centuries ago, when they ruled the country. The front of the buildings is actually covered xx with gold in some places and shines with an almost unreal brilliance. You will also note the pictures of Mannekin-Pis. This is one of the world renowned pieces of statuary. The xxxxxxx fountain is constantly operating just as you see itin the picture and is one of the first things that visitors to Brussells go to see. I am inclosing herewith a little booklet which will fully describe the strange story of the establishment of this artistic little statue. The statue is really very large comparatively. It is also very ancient and commemorative of an interestin bit of Belgian and Spanish history. One of the cards will revolve so that you may see the various dresses in which they people of Brussells doll him out on galy days. Mannekin-Pis stands on one of the main streets of the city and he usually

has a large crowd of visitors. I certainly would be disappointed if the long list of post cards and other souviners should fail to reach you, for if you get them, I know you will keep them all carefully until I return, when I will be able to tell you many things that I can not write you. In order that i do not forget it, I should like now to mention that just diagonally across the street from where Mannekin-Pis stands is a splendid Belgian family with whom I became quite well acquainted while in the city. I was very much interested in the family for they told me a lot of interesting things about the German occupation of the city during the war. Among other things the husband was several times arrested and thrown into prison for his failure to pay the prescribed tax which the Germans imposed upon him. His bravery in maintaining his self poise ~~and~~ and in assisting his neighbors in their hard times won for him the Croix de Guerre. His wife was present as he told me the experiences which they had, and he now enjoys in telling how his wife cried as the Germans dragged him off to prison and beat him before her eyes. But it all of that very friendly nature which almost brings the tears to the eyes of one who listens to what would be very sad stories, were it not for the fact that they seem to take it as part of the experience which fate had decreed for them to undergo together and through which they have finally passed forever.

Well, I must close now by telling you that your last letter dated May 21, 1919, was a "dinger". I was particularly interested on the wild guesses which you have thus far registered as to where I am in that photograph which I recently sent you. Well, I'll just let you take another look at that picture, assuring you for the present that I am in the picture.

I most heartily and sincerely congratulate you upon your efforts recently in halping to raise the Victory Loan, and the Medal which you have since received for your efforts.

I wish that you would send me another statement of the amount of money which we have onhand, and state ~~how much allotments~~ which is the last monthly allotment you are including.

The best dope that we now have on when we will be out of here for home is some time during the coming fall, perhaps September or October. But this is only dope you know, and it may be sooner, but it is not likely to be much longer. The Army of Occupation is coming this way for home after Peace is ~~signed~~ signed instead of by Antwerp, as ogininally intended.

With tenderest love, I am, Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stanyk

Fort Bouguen, France,
June6, 1919.

My Dear Wife:-

From Brussells we made a little side run to the old Battle Graunds of Waterloo. My time is very short to write this evening but I will tell you some of the observations which I made on the trip, and we will fight the battle over again some other time. I might say now that I should be glad if you would read the story of the Battle of Waterloo written by Victor Hugo and and also some of his other stories, especially the story of Jean val Jean. It was at Mont St. Jean where Wellington formed his squares that Hugo wrote the story of the Battle of Waterloo. The little old tavern in wh ch he lived during this three months still stands as it did then and intact. The country side from Brussells to Waterloo is very beautiful. There are many gardens with flowers and trees, a beautiful ferrest, and the little farms are all cultivated as nice as one co ld keep a garden. The roads are as smooth as a floor and there are never any weeds wither in the fields or on the road sides. The entire battle field over which the fate of Europe was settled a century ago at Waterloo is very small comparatively and from the tall monument which now stands near the former location of the road of D'Hain into which Napoleon's cavalry rode to death one is able to survey the entire field.

While we were in Brussells we visited the world fameous lace factories and watched them make the lace . All of the work is done by hand and most of the workers have done nothing else during their liv s. It requires and endless amount of patience to turn out a piece of lace. We were taken through the factery by a lady proprietress and she very graciously shewed us all of the little nicetie s in lace patterns which she expected to have made soon.

My time is up and I will have to close for this evening.

With tenderest love I am, sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stevens

Fort Bouguen, France,
June7, 1919.

My Dear Wife;-

From Waterloo we returned to Brussels and then went to Antwerp. As you have noted from time to time in the papers, Antwerp was intended to be used as the Base Port for the army of Occupation and there has been a great amount of work done there by the American Army for this purpose. But owing to certain conditions which obtain at present it was decided to give up this port in part and continue the use of the Base Ports in France for the return of the Army of Occupation when the Huns finally decide that there quickest and best road to Peace lies along the lines marked out by the Peace Conference. So the work by our Amry in Antwerp has been discontinued in the main in Antwerp.

There is no city in Belguim richer in History than Antwerp. Antwerp has mor treasured stories of Historyical tradition than any other city I have visited. The people of Belguim will always have much the same hatred of Spain and everything Spanish that the People of Holland have. There is one difference, Spanish cruelty was largely directed toward the extermination of religeous differences. Belgium has always been very strongly Cahtolic, while Holland has always been Protestant, and for this reason the Spanish rulers found many more heritics to burn at the stake in Holland than they found if Belguim. The people here are very interesting and a fine type. This I am sure will be comforting to Mother, for the fact is that they people of Antwerp and Holla nd are about the same. They speak the same language and have very much the sam customs.

There are very many interesting stories of personal bravery and heroism growing out of the recent war. One that I shall never forget is of a certain man who assisted some three hundred British and Belgian Officers who were held in Antwerp as Prisoners, to escape. You will recall that there was some very bitter fighting around this city early in the war, in which the Germans made a desperate effort to sorround the city and take all of the Belgian and British army in this part of Belgium prisoners. But the armies finally effected a retreat across the bridge over the Scheldt River which flows through Antwerp. Just as the last of the Belgian Amry had crossed a little Belgian boy of seventeen years blew up the great bridge and stoped the advancing Germans. The boy of course lost his life in the explosion as was expected. In Antwerp the Germans held many prisoners whom they had taken in the fighting about the city. A certain Belgian worked himself into the good graces of the Huns and waited for the opportunity to free the three hundred prisoners. He waited two years before the opportunity came, During this time he became quite a favorite of the Huns, and they finally took him in a confidant. Late one evening he stealthily got all of the three hundred officers on board a little river craft, on which there were sufficient extra cloaks which the Germans had used, and which these officers promptly put on. The Belgian took charge of the little vessel and got past all of the German guards, all of the Officrs remaining of deck and acting as Germans, and before he was suspected he had gotten the vessel to a point where he made a safe rush down the Scheldt for Holland. Well, the Germans could not understand the matter for some time., when they discovered the fact that their Belgian confidant had suddenly dissappeared. Suspecting him to be guilty, they published a notice on his wife's door that if he did not return in five days, that she would be deemed guilty of assisting in his concealment and of the escape of the prisoners. The news promptly came to hum in Holland, and he as promptly returned to Antwerp and gave himself up to the Huns, and they shot him the following morning.

The lady who told me theese stories could speak fairly good English and she was quite well educated. She was the proprietress of a little store where I purchased a little book on Antwerp, which I will have to send you under some sort of separate cover for it is not the right size to fit into one of the envelopes which I hve. Her little post card store is right on the

banks of the Scheldt River. Just beyond the docks and on the River bank is the ancient citidel of the Spanish . This fortress is filled with more hellish instruments of torture and death than any other place I have ever seen. Just to look at the weird inventions which they perfected to torture the human body shows pretty conclusively that the Spanish have earned their unenviable reputation as being the most cruel and blood-thirsty of the ancient Masters. Among these instruments of torture and death, is one figure which is more spectacular than the rest, and not related to Spanish history. According to the ancient traditions of Antwerp, there used to be a certain tax or penalty for crossing the river from the west to the east, and everyone who went across without paying the tax suffered the amputation of his right hand. The man who cut the hands of the people was a huge giant. The very name Antwerp is linked with this story. The name is a combination of something like Ant, meaning hand I believe, and werpen, or something similar, meaning off or thrown away. I do not know very much about the language, but there is some such derivation, and it all comes from the above tradition. Well, one day a very brave young man crossed the river resolved to kill the giant who had cut off the hands of so many of his people. After a very bitter struggle the brave young man overpowered the giant and cut off his head. Traditionally it is the huge head of this giant that now greets one as he enters the door of the ancient Spanish fortress. He is certainly fierce and gruesome to look upon. All of the little children of Antwerp are hushed into obedience and quietness by reminding them that the giant will get them if they dont watch out, and be good. One more circumstance of the killing of the giant is that Brabo, the hero, also cut off one hand of the giant and significantly threw it into the river Scheldt, and there is now a massive structure with all of this mythical story represented very near the Hotel de Ville and just in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. This massive work of statuary is built in rocks and surrounded by huge rocks. On the top is the hero with the hand of the giant in his hand just in the act of throwing it into the Scheldt, at his feet is the body of the giant, with the head also amputated, and gushing from every wound, and also from many other places around over the work, are fountains of water. It was on the morning that I was in Antwerp that they turned the water into the fountain the first time for more than four years, for it has been closed ever since the war. Men were working about the fountain repairing the places which had been broken and closing up some leakages, for from some of the places the water shot half way across the street. A large crowd of the people of Antwerp had collected to see for the first time for years the fountain which commemorated the naming of the cit . I talked with many of the people of Atwerp in reference to the treatment which they received from the hands of the Huns during the war. They all have one voice in that the Hun has everything beat since the days of the Spanish Inquisition for cruelty and terror. Several of them wept as they told me of the sufferings which they had themselves gone through or which their friends had suffered. They all agreed that the boys who were in the Belgian army were fortunate, for all of the rest were driven under the lash to slave for the Boshe and the average life of those whom the Boshe worked was three or four months. They beat them shamefully, and it makes ones blood run cold now to see the backs of some of the men with the deep scars as the unmistakable exidence of Hun barbarity. They told me that the Hun returned many of the civilians in response to President Wilson's note to Germany, protesting against the deportation of the Belgians prior to our entrance into the War. They came back so famished, weak, and diseased that their own friends did not know them. The great majority of them died from the very bad treatment which they had received. In the smaller cities and in the rural communities the Hun committed many outrages against womanhood, but not in the larger cities. These practices were countenanced by the German Government only during the first few months of the war. The sense of shame directed toward Germany by the entire world compelled the Government to discountenance these acts in a short time.

Fort Bouguen, France,
[illegible] 1919.

You have perhaps read recently some of the articles which have appeared in some of our papers stating that the American Peace commission have so conducted themselves in Paris and the Americans in general have become so distasteful to the Europeans that our country has no longer a friend left in Europe. Well, I do not believe that any one will be misled by these statements for when a set of men undertake to malign and lie about things about which the truth may be so easily found out, it is pretty certain that the truth will out. I might say however, in passing that the gratitude of the Belgians and also of the French as well as that of the British toward the American Nation is beyond the dispute of any man. There is a class of politicians who are willing to jeopardize the interests of their own country to further in the interests of their own party.

I am inclosing herewith a bit of lace which I purchased in the city of Antwerp for you. The lace was made in Antwerp and is hand made. I donot know whether it will suit you but I hope it will, and I hope it will be of service toyou. The lady from whom I purchased it was a refugee from Belgium during the German occupation for four years. During this time she lived in Paris and was employed by the American Army. She is well educated and speaks very good English. She told me that immediately prior to the war her people sold the building in which their store was located and where they had dealt in the lace business for more than forty years, and that this building was completely destroyed in the second day of the bombardment of the city by the Huns. In fact there are many cities destroyed, and the entire part of the city lying to the west of the Scheldt was burned during the war. The people here told me that when the western part of the city was burned by the Germans, the flames during the night were so high that they were seen for a very great distance, easily being seen from Holland.

There are some things which I am telling you from time to time in these letters which I shall be glad to read myself after I return, for I am trying to give you some data on certain conditions of the war and the cruelty of the Germans which may be of service to the home folks. There is a tendency on the part of a lot of people to forget the artocities of the Hun quickly after the war is over, on the general theory that it would be just as well to forget and forgive. Well, I am not one of those so quick to forget or forgive until I see some concrete evidence that the brute has come to the mourner's bench with a sincere conviction resting upon his heart and a real desire to turn a new leaf.

I might tell you also that the Commanding Officer of the Post is away ona leave of Absence and in his absence I am Commanding Officer. The camp at present has about seven hundred casual officers awaiting ships in the harbor to take them back to the United States, We also have about the came number of enlisted men; and about twenty five hundred German Prisoners over whom we have five Prisoner of War Escort Companies. So you will see that I am carrying some responsibility these days. But I have become quite acustomed to the weight of responsibility for the past two years and refuse to worry about the troubles which may never happen. I try to solve each problem as it arises and live along the line of the motto of our former Commanding Officer, which reads as follows:"Live each day so that you can look every man in the eye and tell him to go to -ell".

I might tell you further that in addition to the above responsibilities we now have on an average of ab out one hundred wives of soldiers in the camp. We are sending them to the U. S., and while they are waiting we have the burden of caring for them. When you stop to remember that one woman is harder to handle than five hundred men, you will appreciate the difficulty of handling one hundred obstreperous young brides. We occassionally get some who are inclined to be a little wild, some who are hysterical, some with little children, some French, some English, Some German, Some Italian, and the Dickens only knows what all else.

We have one ~~Engli~~ Scotch Y. M. C. A. lady here and one American Y. M. C. A girl, who assist us in looking after them. Well, these two girls, particularly the Scotch girl, ~~is~~ are right on the job and take many of the problems off our hands. I do not know what we would do without them. When one of the young brides gets gay, these girls just tell them that if they want to go the United States, they had better straighten up toot sweet, and they usually straighten up toot sweet. Of course when they do not, their cases finally come to the Commanding Officer to decide. You know what a failure I was at home in ~~ha~~ managing one, What do you think of my managing one hundred? The difference between this process and the way it used to go at home, is that at home you always used the big stick, while here I use it. In conclusion permit me to say that it is easier to control twenty five hundred German Prisoners of War than it is to correl one wild wife.and keep her correlled.

With tenderest love, I am,

Sincerely Yours, W. D. Stumpf

P/ S.- I might add further that the Scheldt River is the object of a very special veneration by the people of Antwerp. I ~~kkk~~ talked with several who told me of the repeated attempts of the Germans to rebuild the bridge over the Scheldt which the little Belgian boy destroyed in the early part of the war after the retreating Belgian army had cleared it. They always had the same answer, "The bosche did'nt know the Scheldt". And they told me of how the Belgians invariably won in the boat races with the British and others when the rac s were held on the Scheldt, "Because they do not know the Scheldt". And the lady who told me of the way the brave Belgian hero got his three hundred officer prisoners to Holland and safely interned there was "Beacuse the Huns did'nt know the Scheldt". The Yellow Tiber was never more loved by the Romans than the Scheldt is loved by the Belgians especially by the people of Antwerp,

And then I wanted to tell you about the chimes on the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Antwerp. You can hear them all over the city, and you never heard music more beautiful. Twice each week the chimes are actually played by a skilled musician, but at all other times they are electically controlled. I would give anything if you could hear them as I heard them. The music is so beautiful that you can never forget it. The are heard every hour, and in part each fifteen minutes. But they are so pleasing to the ear that the people of the city never grow weary of listening to them.

And in conclusion, Antwerp is especia ly noted for the great artists she has given to the world, among whom are Van Dyck, Rubens, and Jordeans. In Paris, Brussells, and every art collection in the world, you will find among the best, the works of these three .

W. D. S.

Fort Bouguem, France,
June 12, 1919.

My De[illegible]ife;-

The [illegible]larity of the situation here in camp continues. We have some six hundr[illegible] officers at present, [illegible]eand this evening there are about five hundred enlisted, and about fifty French wives. We have loaded a large number on the Leviathian, Emporator, Gerat Northern, Maui, Victoria, America, and a number of other ships during the past few days, but we have quite a large number of officers here now who have been here in camp for the past three weeks. They are the most impatient and obstreperous bunch of fellows you ever saw, for when a man once gets his mind set up on going home the Dickens cant stop him. They all swear that they have been discriminated against and they should have been placed upon ships long ago, and if they ever get out of the Army they will never be caught in it again. Of course under these circumstances a man is privileged to cuss a good deal, but I am quite sure that if another war starts or if the present war breaks out anew, that they will all break their necks to bet into the Army again.

I am inclosing herewith a booklet of pictures of Ostende, Belgium, We came from Antwerp by way of Brussells and through Ghent to Ostende. You will recall that there was great fighting about Ostende during the war, as it is one of the important [illegible] Channel Ports. Before I tell you about Ostende I should like to say that I have seen a great deal of Belgium, and I am quite sure that there is not a country in the world that looks more thrifty and prosperous throughout the country districts. The farm buildings are usually well built and everything is neat and clean about the buildings. The fields are farmed intensely, and I am sure that one acre produces more wheat and there is a great amount of wheat raised here, than three acres in America. There is never a weed seen, not of any king at any place. The wheat fields and all other fields are so planted that there are paths about every rod apart along which the farmers, or more frequently their wives, walk to cultivate the crops on either side. I wish you could see what wonderful waiving fields they produce by these intensive methods of farming. You see labor is the cheapest thing they have in Europe and it is for this reason that they are aboe to devote so much time to a small amount of ground, and on the other hand they do not have land to burn like we do in America. It is necessary for each acre to yield the maximum. Belgium also produces a large amount of fruit, but aroung the apple trees there are bounding fields of wheat and potatoes. The Germans utilized the agricultural resources of Belgium to the fullest capacity during the war, and it is for this reason that there are vast areas of the country that do not show the devastation of war. Through the parts of the country where the fighting occured of course there is a different story to tell. I might say here that there are thousands of Hun prisoners of war working all over the war stricken areas salvaging the vast stores of ammunition and barbed wire, and the endless amount of materiel of every description, and some of them are actually employed to assist the Belgians to plow up their fields so long as untouched by the plowshare. They plow up every sort of thing in these areas. They frequently plow up duds and I think it is partly for this reason that they use the Huns for the first plowing. These duds occassionally are detonated when the plow strikes them, and it is figured throughout Europe generally that the world can better afford to blow up Huns in this first plowing than the citizens of any other country. Just as we were pulling into Ghent we were privileged to see a terrible explosion of a large accumulation of ammunition which the Hun prisoners had piled near the railroad tracks. We were lucky of course in not being exactly at the point of explosion, for the tracks were torn up and things were pretty generally messed up in

the vicinity. It is likely that it was a trick pulled off by the Prisoners but there is nothing definite known about this. We were delayed a long while In Ghent while the tracks were repaired so that the trains could pass, and it was then necessary to pass on side tracks.

Ostende is one of the most celebrated Summer Resorts in the world. People come from all parts of the earth to spend their vacations here. For the past four years the place has been used for other purposes and there are a great many of the buildings ruined by the frequent bombardments which took place here, but they are just getting the place in operation again. One of the most interesting things to see here is the vast preparations which the Huns had made to ward off the British navy. They have installed heavy guns every few rods along the entire coast of the Channel which they occupied during the war. All of these guns are exactly as the Huns frequently used them in shooting at the British navy, excepting for the fact that they have wrought some sort of destructive work upon most of them so that they could not be used by the enemy when they were compelled to retreat. A number of these pictures will show you just what I saw about Ostende as to the manner in which the Huns destroyed their guns.

There is a beautiful beach here and there were thousands of people walking along the shores and little children and grown ups too playing in the sand into which they burrow out places in which they sit and sun themselves on these sunny afternoons. And there were many in swiming. I walked all along the shore line which you will see in one of the pictures and gathered the sea shells which I have inclosed herewith there. I wish that you could have been with me there.

With tenderest love, I am,

Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stumpf

Port Bouguen, France,
June 13, 1919.

My D r Wife;

We have had beautiful weather here for the past several weeks, but today a wi d hurricane is blowing from the ocean over these rain swept hills of Brittany, and the dust is flying in clouds. It seems strange to see the dust blowing when we recall the long months of rain and mud through which we labored during the fall and winter just past. We are having an unusual rush here in this Base for the reason that they are clos ng up a number of th interior camps and sending the men all to the Base Ports. We are expecting a considerable number of enlisted men tonight and perhaps five hundred more officers. Our available space is now nearly exhausted and it will be necessary to erect a tented camp to accomodate the rush. This involves many problems in a camp of this nature but we are going to be ready to receive them when they come. It may shorten my letter some this evening, but I will comfort you now by saying that I sent you yesterday a Postal money order for fifty dollars and will be able soon to send you some more. I should like to have another statement of the financial situation from you and I should be glad if you would state the last month of the allotment which you are counting. In your last statement you did not state which was the last alloyment yuou had received, so I am not exactly sure of the present state of the exchechuer.

We will now make a trip from Ostende to Zeebrugge by tramway along the coast of the English Channel. The Channel is smooth and nice and if the time permitted we would take a trip to London and back, but that is impossible I do not care so much about this for I have already crossed the Channel once before. The time I crossed before was on a small troop ship loaded to the gills with troops for the front. Unfortunately I did not get into the final action of war in an active way but did get to see some very interesting and exciting things after we landed at LeHarve and took the train for the Advance Section. The Channel was full of submarines when we crossed before and the methods which we followed in eluding and guarding ourselved while on the Channel will never be forgotten. We are going to Zeebrugge for the purpose of seeing the main Submarine base of the Germans durig the War. I have a peculiar interest in the darned things for it was a submarine out several hundred miles from the coast of England that gave the troops on the Acquitania last October their first thrill of the dangers of war. We rode on that memorable trip under the protectionof the British flag and the flag of Merry Old England became an object of reverence to many who had theretofore looked upon it with some feeling of disrespect. But the men, although they well knew the dangers that lurked unseen in the ocean, and that they need not be surprised to hear the call"to the life boats" at any minute, showed no feeling of fear with a few exception here and there. They rather wished to see a submarine show up for we all felt sure that we would be able to send it to the bottom in a fair fight. I can never tell you the strange experience it was, this trip across the ocean. You know all of the ports were kept closed from the time we cleared the harbor at New York until the whistle blew in Southampton, England. We all took turns in keeping watch with the Sailors up on the upper deck and many of us had charge of certain duties in case of submarine sttacks. The old ship moved very quietly and camaflouged by day and darkened by night, she was a silent city on the deep. We frequently passed other Allied ships with whom our ship exchanged signals and traded news, but we were unattended by any other ships during practically the entire journey. The whistle never blew until we pulled into the harbor of Southampton when there was a great scrambling to and fro and everyone knew that we had passed all dangers from submarines.

The pictures which I am sending you of Zeebrugge show you very well the

the great submarine center of the Huns, and some of the brave attempts of the British to check their activixtes. I was in every part of the places shown in the pictures and when I return we will spend a very pleasant evening rehearsing the things I saw in Zeebrugge.

I wish you would let me know what disposition you have made of the office fistures and library in Auburn. See that the office is cleared out promptly. It is not necessary to wait for any further instructions from me, and unless you have some other satisfactory arrangement I would suggest that the library be placed in the room where you have stored the furniture. But any arrangement which you make will be satisfactory to me. I cannot determine from here waht out future course will be. I think that I shall be able to act much more freely xf and intelligently if you promptly see that the office is cleared out and relinquished. Please let me hear from you promptly about this.

With tenderest love, I am,

Sincerely Yours,

W. H. Stamp

Fort Bouguen, France,
June 14, 1919.

My Dear Wife;-

I am sending you today some pictures of Bruges. We returned from Zeebrugge to Ostende and thence to Bruges, where we stayed over night and on the following morning we departed for ---?, which I will tell you all about in my next letter. As I have previously stated Bruges was the place where the Huns made their Submarines dnring the war, and it was there that they also trained many of their crews. The effieiency of the whole program was very seriously interfered with by the effective work of the British navy in bottling up the two canals at Zeebrugge and at Ostende. The one leading to Zeebrugge was absolutely barred to them, but they were able to use with some difficulty the one at Ostende. But taking it all in all it was a master stroke by the British. Before retiring from Bruges at the time of the great German retreat last fall they attempted to destroy all of their factories and works here, and they were pretty successful in this attempt. From a standpoint of the world's economics, it is appaling to see the enormous waste occassioned by the world's war.

The Flemish people are a very agreeable and pleasant to associate with. They "parley" a little different lingo than I have been used to for some time, but there is a striking ring in it which recalls my childhood trips to the homestead of my Grandparents in ElkhartCounty. This is the only place I have been sonce I have been in Europe that I have had any use for the Holland Language, but it wold be very convenient here. I find that the better you are able to talk with the people with whom you are visiting, the more valuable your trip becomes. Everywhere you go in Europe, there is rich history to learn and always many local traditi ns which can be gained only by an ability to converse with the natives.

The Commanding Officer of the Post, Colonel William A. Taylor, has returned from his leave and I am now acting in my former capacity of Executive Officer, plus the other lines which I have told you of before. But tomorrow the Adjutant of the Post leaves for a fourteen day tour, which will be mush the same as mine and I will act as Camp Adjutant. I might tell you now that the Adjutant is Captain Galeman Dexter, of Plymoth, Indiana. Capt. Dexter was the Adjutant of the first Batallion of the 137th Field Artillery while was the Adjutant of the Second Batallion. The work of the Adjutant's office of this Post is very arduous now. You will understand that it is the adjutant who takes care of all of the paper work, all of the correspondence, the writing of all of the post memoranda and orders, and a hundred duties akin. The Post Adjutanthas the most exacting work of the Camp. So it is possible that I may not be able to keep you moving each day on our trip together , owing to the very taxing duties which I will have to perform for the next two weeks. But I will do the best that I can for you. I might say that I am a long ways ahead of you in letter writing. I only get a letter from you about once every week or ten days, so you will have to pep up a little along this line!
I might tell you also that we held a great horse show at Camp Pontenezen yesterday. Fort Bouguen had two teams of stalions and one single horse with our sprinkling cart, making three entrees in the contest. We won two second prises, and are feeling very well pleased over the result. Pontenezen had hundreds of horses and of course our chances to win were not equal to theirs for this reason alone. Our stalions were not used to the presence of so many horses, and both teams were wild babies to handle. We might have had a chance to have won a third prise, but just as the judge came riding by on his horse, one team of black stalions which we had hitched to a U. M. wagon all dolled up to who tied the kitties, both of these blamed horses stood up square on their hind

feet and [illegible] they went through so many maneuvers that the judge found it more convenient to devote his attentions to quieter teams at the other end of the parade ground. I might tell you here that it is a very common sight everywhere in Europe to see both men and women working slapping big stalions and they think nothing of it andhave very little trouble with them, and we work our stogether here in the camp, and have no trouble with them.

After the horse show yesterday, we put on a wild Western series of events in the way of riding wild bucking mules and some wild horses which we have in some of the camps hear. Several were hurt, but nobody was killed, and it was therefore a very successful event.

With tenderest love, I am ,

Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stinson

Jules Gaut, phot. Reims

PARIS VISÉ 2182

14. — REIMS. — La cathédrale dans son état actuel.
RHEIMS. — The cathedral in its actual condition.

Port Souleon, France.
June 29 1919.

My Dear Clementine;-

I told you some time ago that there was occassional y some difficulty between the French and the Americans in the city of Brest. For the past few days there has been co siderable tr uble in Brest between the French Sailors and the French Soldiers, and during this time the Americans were not allowed to go to Brest from this Post and from Pontanezen. The ban against passes was lifted three or four days ago and for the last day or two there have been the usual number of Americans in the city. I was up town last night for a while and witnessed the tremendous Peace Demonstrations, in which I was mor. that pleased to see the great number of Amelcan flags that the French carried through the streets and the old flag flying from every window with the Tri-Color of France, The French are particularly demonstrative and when they go on a bust they go all over. It would be very interesting to you to see the tremendous parades up and down the streets and their methods of celebrating. It is all very different from the customs of the Americans. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary I became fully convinced last night that the main body of the French population in Brest as well as all over France, are for the Americans. But Brest has been so over-run by Americans troops for the past two years and especially for the past year, that many of the French here have ceased to become rapsodical when they see an American soldier, and there are a lot of Americans ho make fools of themselves by getting lit up like a Jewish Cathedral and pulling off other unseemly stunts to the general disgust of the French as well as of the rest of the Americans. But whatever the cause may be there is a wild time on in Brest tonight, and just the opposite to what transpired last night. I worked all day today,(Sunday, as Usual) and up until about nine O'clock tonight when I got into a car and took a ride to the city for a little fresh air. When we got to town we found that the city was under martial law and at that time there had be eight or ten French sailors and Bolchevists and Americans Military Police killed. I got to town just in time to see a wild battle in which there were plenty of shots fired and thousands of people hurrying to and fro in the streets of Brest. The Bolchevists and Anarchists bands in the streets made a number of attempts of tear down the American flags which the other French people have hangind from their windows, and most of the French people are splendid folks but they have more trash in the way of Bolshevists than I ever saw any where in the world. Brest is the worst city in France for this sort of thing. Their military authorities here seem to be unable to cope with the cituation. There is a rumor that the city military chief turned the control of the city over ~~xxx~~ to the American forces. Well, they are surely on the job just now. After witnessing several incidents in the city which I shall remember for some time ~~xxx~~ I returned to camp where we are under orders for any emergencies that may arise during the night, and I have my little six shooter cleaned, oiled and loaded.

Since the necessary orders are now issued and eveything is ready~~xxxxxx~~ so that we will be in shape to meet with a Royal welcome anything that comes along, I will inclose herewith my next installment of my trip. From Rouliers we went to Ypres. You will recall that city, that name as one of the most mentioned during the entire war. It is pronounced in three different ways be the British, Americans and French, respectively. The British call it, "Wypers ", the Americans call it "Epps" and the French call it "~~Xxxx~~ "Ipre". The latter is of course correct for it is a French name. I have not sufficient time this evening to tell you all about this ~~xxxx~~ wonderful battlefield. I will tell you about it later, I saw everything you see in the inclosed pictures and much more.

With tenderest love I am,sincerely Yours,

W. S. Stump

Fort Bougruen, France,
July 2, 1919.

My Dear Clementine;-

In my last letter I sent you the pictures of Ypres. I discovered afterwards that I had omitted to take you to Roulliers, which is also a shell torn city. I am inclosing herewith some pictures which the Germans took themselves whikes which give you some very graphic ideas of the things that transpired at their hands. The people of Roulliers were fed by the American Red Cross and they will ever be grateful to America. The city is not so damaged as many of the cities I have seen. The most completely destroyed large city in the world is the city of Ypres Ypres. The pictures which I sent you in my last letter give you a pretty good idea of this. For many miles over this battlefield there are only the dishevelled piles of stone to indicate the former site of a happy little Belgium village. In many places the grass xxxxx and weeds are now growing where the city once stood. The location of the streets are frequently entirely obliterated and there is not a wall of any building left standing. All of the trees are dead as the pictures show, and for miles there is not a sign of life anywhere. There Are many broken cannon and other instruments of warfare, especially there are many large tanks. The tanks were not a great success for the British here for the reason that the soil is too low and wet for them to move over freely. It happened many times that the tanks were mired and stuck in the fields and shot to pieces by the enemy artillery fire. I talked with a great many British officers while there and learned many things of the interest from those who actually fought over those watery fields. At Ypres the British held the low land while the Germans held the high hills, as Cameron Hill, of which you have read about during the operations here. This gave the Germans a tremendous advantage. The trenches of the British were wet and nearly everywhere that I visited the water was standing all the way from one inch to two feet in the bottom of the trench. On the other side the Germans were up where it was dry. One is compelled to raise his admiration for the pluck and sportsmanship of the British when he sees the conditions under which they fought. I will never forget some of the people with whom I talked in the Village of Poperinghe, a little city near Ypres. These folks remained in the city for four years, during a large part of the time being under shell fire, and ministered to the wants of the British soldiers. They told me of so many splendid soldiers who were sleeping on the Ypres battlefield and their eyes filled with tears as they related the sad sixxxx experiences they had witnessed. The battlefield is covered with graves. Several British officers and American officers also, told me of instances where men were buried three and four times and each time thrown out of the ground by subsequent artillery fire. And I saw many, many times where feet, or heads, or other parts of the bodies of men were exposed above the surface. Ypres is xxxxxx as bad as Verdun.

The thought occured to me that it might give you a better idea of the affairs of the camp here if I would send you several copies of the orders which have been issued from time to time. So I am sending you one copy of the orders which govern the Texas's Camp and one copy of an order appointing a Special Court martial for [illegible]

In order that I do not lose the song I also want to include our old Artillery song, familiar to every Field Artilleryman:

"Over hill, over dale, and we hit the dusty trail
As those caisons go rolling along;
Up and down, in and out, counter march and left about,
As those caisons go rolling along.
For it's He; Hi; He, in the field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong,
For where'ere you go you will always know,
That those caisons go rolling along,"
Keep 'em rollin', etc.

With tenderest love, I am Sincerely Yours,

[signature]

Fort Bouguen, France,
July 4, 1919.

My Dear Clementine:-

I am inclosing herewith a copy of the Songs of the A. E. F. I meant to inclu in one of my letters several days ago a copy of these songs, but I am not sure that I sent it. So it is possible that you may receive two of these copies, but that will not matter for Charley will want one to practice with.

I am also sending under separate cover a booklet of pictures of Versailles. I did not tell you before, but I visited Versailles when I first went to Paris. Versailles is the most wonderful place ever constructed by men's hands any time in the history of the world. There was nothing in the ancient world that will compare with the splendor of the Palace, the fountains, the artificial lakes, the statuary, the flower gardens. It is utterly impossible to estimate the cost of this structure. It was erected by Louis XIV and everywhere you will see the statuary and other works of art commemorating the deeds which he wrought. You would hardly believe the amount of gold and priceless jewels which decorate its walls and many elegant rooms. There are many rooms and as you enter one room you feel that nothing could be finer, you have the same feeling as you enter the next room which is decorated in an altogether different manner. I never saw so much gold in all my life and I did not think there was so much in the world. You will recall that it was this extravagance of Louis XIV in both the money and also the labor and blood of the people of France that brought operated as one of the factors in bringing on the French Revolution for his Grandson. One of Louis's expressions famous in history was, "After us the deluge", and it came with the Revolution. The terrible suffering of the thousands of laborers who were driven as slaves in the construction of the Palaces of Versailles is one story. The beautiful work from their bleeding hands is another. No one can go through Versailles without being amazed at its splendor.

While there we saw the Hun Peace Delegates, fenced off in one part of the Versailles gardens. They were under guard and not allowed to go out of the grounds. You will recall that several of them go into some difficulty by breaking the rules and of their restrictions.

It was in the Galerie des Glaces that the Peace Treaty was signed. This is a magnificent room. On one side it is a continuous line of mirrors, whence its name. In another room is the beautiful table which was moved into the Galerie des Glaces and upon this the treaty was signed. The significant thing about this is that the Kaiser has said that he intended to have the Peace Treaty signed. But he made this statement several years ago and he did not calculate that it would be a treaty that would require among other unpleasant things that he himself be brought to trial to answer to the world for bringing the war on and violating sacred treaties. He had the matter all planned out practically as it actually took place on June 28. The only thing that was materially different was the nature of the treaty that would be signed. You will notice in the little booklet of pictures which I am sending you under separate cover, that I particularly honored this table by writing your name on the page where the table is shown with the book lying on the table.

With tenderest love, I am Sincerely Yours,

W. D. Stanley

Fort Bouguen, France,
July 5, 1919.

My Dear Clementine;-

In our journey over Europe we had gotten as far as Ypres Ypres and the great battlefield around it. From Ypres we will go to Hasbrouck, from there to Calais, thence down along the Atlantic Coast, thence to Amiens, another famous battlefield, thence to Montdidier, and from there to Paris. I am sorry that I have not Pictures of these places to send you but it was impossible for me to get them at the time, I may be able to get them in Brest later. I am going to tell you in this letter some more about Paris. When we got back to Paris, we took in several more trips in fact all the trips over the city which the Y.M.C.A. had to give. on the first day after our return to Paris we took a trip down the Seine River, which is a most enjoyable and delightful trip. I am sending you in this letter a Story of the Bridges which span the Seine River in Paris. From it you will get some idea of the things which I saw on this trip. We saw all that the book shows and many other things of great interest to one who is interested in the History of France. The Bridges over the Seine River are very elegant structures. I do not know of anything in America to equal them in artistic adornment. Almost every bridge has a story and interesting history of its own. We went down the river as far as St. Cloud. And I have included herewith several pictures of St. Cloud. It is more beautiful than the pictures show. The elete of Paris come here and you can not calculate the vast amount of money and labor which has been used in making this little spot so attractive. Versailles is only a few miles beyond St. Cloud. And between Paris and St. Cloud are the Grand Champ race Courses where thousands of people come every day during the Summer Season for the great world's horse races. I am also sending you under separate cover a booklet of Antwerp and The Story of Paris. There are some things which you will find very interesting in these little books of description, and when I return I will be able to take you with me over the scenes which I have seen and we will see Paris and Antwerp together.as well as post cards can tell the story.

Capt. Livengood of Indianapolis, one of the officers of this Post and myself took an automobile drive today to St. Mathieu, and other points along the sea coast in that vicinity. You will see by the map that it is the fartherest west point in France. This is a very rough and rugged coast and we took several pictures which I will have developed tomorrow and send you later. St. Mathieu is an Abbey, Convent, Chapel and Monastry erected by the Benedictine Monks in the 10th century. The place is now in a neglected state and partly in ruins. However, the Chapel is still used and frequented by the specially devout Brittans. Around the entire walls of the Chapel are written the prayers of the folks of the neighborhood which they made during the war; Most of them ask for the special protection of France and their husband or father or son as the case may be. These little prayers are written with pen and ink or with lead pencil. I had one picture taken inside the little chapel but I am doubtful whether it will be good.on account of the light. How I would enjoy having you with me on these trips, I think of you and miss you always.

With tenderest love, I am,

Since ely Yours,

W. L. Stump

Fort Bougueu, France,
July 13, 1919.

My Dear Clementine;-

I am sending you herewith a copy of the rough draft of the findings which a board of officers of which I was the chairman have just forwarded to the headquarters. The findings which I am sending will be self-explanatory. I might say however, that the French people are intensely passionate and excitable. They are furious when the get started. All of French history is proof of this. The most notable instance is the French Revolution. But I have seen many instances since I have been in France. The night of the disturbance referred to herein was certainly a wild night with them. We now have about three hundred and fifty brides. Well, these folks we have corralled in their enclosure and guards stationed about. You never saw people so hysterical and frantic as they were.

I am also sending you a Vive La France put out by the Y. M. C. A. here at Brest. Brest you will recall was the last point of my recent trip over Europe. I have many pictures and post cards which I will send you from time to time but this little booklet gives you some idea of part of the activities of the Y. M. C. A. here in the various parts of France and their endeavor to acquaint the American Soldiers with the interesting bits of French History where they happen to be located.

I am going out for a ride this afternoon on the horse whose picture I sent you recently. These hills of Brittany are very beautiful now. The walls are green and covered with pretty flowers. I would love to have you with me, as we have two riding horses in the Post at present. The Red Cross girls frequently dress up in mens clothes and go riding on the horses. Some of them are very pretty in mens' clothes and others are strange to behold. I believe from the appearance they make that women are lovemore freaks in physique than in their race than men do. I am sure that you would add grace and poise to your sisterhood and when I get home I think that I shall dress you up accordingly and find out. I expect to do this either in the last of August or the first of September.

With tenderest love, I am sincerely Yours,

Walter O. Lenroot

P. S.- I shall think of you when I see the clear blue sky, the pretty flowers, and the gray old ocean this afternoon.

July 14, 1919
The American Red Cross

My Dear Wife,

This is a wonderful day in France. The whole nation has just gone wild over my birthday. If I had known how sentimental and excitable they were about such things, I would not have permitted the fact to become known. There are cannons booming, long parades, troop reviews, patriotic speeches; oceans of flags; the streets all crowded with people; fireworks; and occasionally some nut sneaks in with a black and red flag. The French nation is taking advantage of the day also to celebrate their national birthday, and taking everything into consideration, I would say that the affair is a great success.

I had an official part in the program this morning in the city of Brest, but I have come to the Pontanegen Hospital, #33 to complete the celebration by beginning the treatment of a little infection of my foot. It is not a serious matter, only a minor infection of some sort which I contracted while here in Pontanegen last November. It has never bothered me but little and will require but a few days to cure. I had always neglected it, but it got to a point recently where I decided to come to the Hospital and have it removed.

I am feeling fine, and am in the best of health, with the minor exception above noted.

With tenderest love,
I am sincerely yours,

WD Stump

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

AMERICAN RED CROSS

July 14 1918

My dear wife,—

This is a wonderful day in France. The whole nation has not gone wild over my birthday. If it had however it could not have celebrated it more. This day has almost proved the fact & become law over the land. Everyone is having a holiday. The streets are decorated with flags, the streets are crowded with people, fireworks; and occasionally some one gets run in with a bleed & not pay. The French nation

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

NAME

AMERICAN RED CROSS

13

is taking advantage of the day also to celebrate their mother's birthday, and taking for worthy consideration, I would say that the affair is a great success.

I had an official part in the program this morning in the city of Brest, but I came to the Pontanezen Hospital, #23 to get the benefit of having the treatment of a little injection of my foot. It is not a serious matter

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

NAME

AMERICAN RED CROSS

19

only a minor injection of
shrapnel which I contracted
while here in Fontenoy sector
last November. It has
never bothered me but
little and will require
but a few days to cure.
The doctor does not
like it, but it got to a
point recently where I decided
to come to the Hospital and
have it removed.
I am feeling fine, and
am in the best of health,
with the exception above
noted.
With a fervent love.
I am sincerely yours,
Wilbur Thompson

Brest, France
July 24, 1919

My Dear Clementine,

I was in Amiens, France on the 25th of May, 1919. My train came through Amiens about 4:00 in the morning from Calais. We stopped for some time there and I had an opportunity to take a little look at the sleeping city, once the scene of battle. I am now a casual officer. As a recompense for the work which I did at Ft. Bouguen, I have been granted a three day leave. I also have an order of the same date directing me to defend two serious Court Marital cases here in Brest, one of which we completed yesterday, and the other is set for trial tomorrow, the day my leave starts. So I am not sure that I will be able to take advantage of my leave. In either event, I expect to bid farewell to France between the first and the 10th of August. A Military command which is given when a company is standing at attention is "At Ease." When we were coming over, one black man who was sea sick when the storm was raging and the billows were rolling, prayed as follows: "Oh, Lord, give dat old ocean, "At Ease.;" It will be altogether proper for you to exercise your efforts along this line in my behalf, beginning about August 5th. The Old Leviathan, Mount Vernon, George Washington, Great Northern, Siboney, and a number of other ships are lying in the harbor here now.

With tenderest love,
I am sincerely yours,

WDS

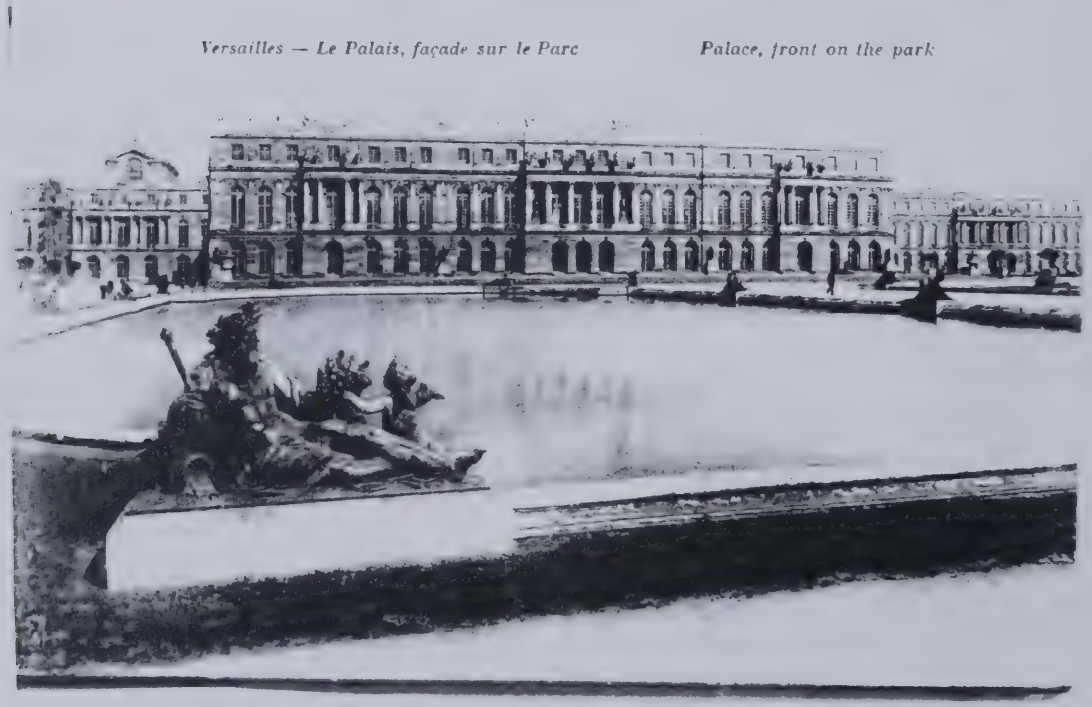
Brest, France
July 27,1919

My Dear Clementine,

I am sending you another book of post cards on Versailles and the Trianons. This has been a very interesting place for the past several months, and I am sure you will be interested to get an idea of the beauty and splendor of this spot. There is nothing in the world, either past or present, to compare with it. I have not felt very well for the past few days, but am not serious. Each day and night, I think of you and need you.

With tenderest love,
I am sincerely yours,

WDS.



Brest, France
August 4, 1919

My Dear Clementine,

This will be, I hope, a very interesting collection of pictures to you. They may not mean much until I come home to tell you about them. Every scene in this little book is familiar to me and it will be a real pleasure for me to tell you just where I was and what I saw. Soissons is something like 40 or 50 miles from Chateau Thierry and is the scene of the two great battles of the Marne, in the first of which the English and French under General Joffre stopped the Huns in August, 1914, and in the second, which culminated at Chateau Thierry in 1918 on July 18, was where the American forces first won undying glory. All of the ground between Chateau Thierry and Soissons is intensely interesting for the part it had in one or the other of these great struggles. I rode all over this part of France on automobile and was able to secure a very good idea of the terrain. All the way from Chateau Thierry to Soissons are found the eloquent evidences of American occupation and Bosch retreat and defeat.

With tenderest love,
WDS

Delboy, Phototypie, Bordeaux
2. SOISSONS (Aisne) - Effets de neige dans les ruines de la ville après le bombardement
Snow on the ruins of the town after the bombardment

Notepaper with the following inscription:
On Active Service
With the
American Expeditionary Force
Camp Pontanyen, Brest, France
September 2, 1919

Dear Father and Mother:

Owning to the uncertainties under which I have labored for the past several weeks, my letter writing has been somewhat interrupted. I will not write at length now, for I hope to be home in the near future where we will all be able to discuss events and experiences more satisfactorily than we can write of them. You are perhaps anxious to know something of the scenes which have fallen to my lot to observe and take a humble part in for the past year, but I assure you that I am equally anxious to get a touch of the affairs back home. In the first place, I want to see the old farm worse than anything I know of, excepting my wife and boy. As an indication that I still retain a genuine interest in farm life, I might mention that I have done considerable reading of late in our camp library on agricultural subjects. Among the books I have read are "Elements of Agriculture," "Breeding of and Care of Farm Animals," Poultry Raising," Feeding and care of Hogs," and a quite a little special reading besides on farm subjects. Of course, I have read a considerable amount of history, philosophy and politics also. I might say that I have not yet read and studied enough to know much about the farm, but enough to know that the general subject of agriculture is one of the most interesting, wholesome, and scientific pursuits; and very little understood by the majority of those who follow this line of work. Perhaps it would not make so much difference from a practical standpoint whether the average farmer understood the secrets and hidden mysteries of his work, but the study of these things are worthwhile for their interest and pleasure.

The next thing I want to get first hand information on is the general political situation and what America is doing about the League of Nations. I am inclined to feel from the very misleading news agencies of the AEF that there is a great fight developing on the question of the propriety of adopting the Treaty of Peace and taking our place among the Sisterhood of Nations. All I want to say on this now is that we cannot evade this responsibility even though we might wish to do so. The U.S. Senate has degenerated into the greatest farce comedy in the world. They are handling questions of extreme delicacy a good deal after the fashion of a mad bull handling high priced China-ware.

General Pershing left France yesterday. France paid him the great honor of sending Marshall Joffre and Foch here to escort him out to the U.S.S. Leviathan on which he is now sailing for home. The U.S.S. President Grant leaves here on the 5th, the American leaves on the 6th, and the Agamemnon leaves on the 8th. I am hopeful that I may be in the sailing lists of one or the other of these ships.

With kindest regards to all…I am sincerely yours…WDS
(Walter D. Stump)

AMERICAN YMCA

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France

September 2 - 9

Dear Father & Mother :-

During the uncertainties under which I have labored for the past several weeks my letter writing has been somewhat interrupted. I will now write at length once more, for I hope to be home in the near future when we will not be able to discuss events and experiences unfortunately as we can write of them. You are perhaps anxious to hear something of the times which we have had & now of it rather and take a humble part in your Thanksgiving feast & above you that I am eagerly anxious to get a touch of the old folks over

AMERICAN YMCA

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

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home when the first chance I want to
get but you know better than any-
thing I have of keeping my
word and only to an unde-
cision that I can return a
genuine interest in some life
work. That I have
given considered reading of
late in our camp library
on agricultural subjects. Among
the books I've read are,
"Elements of Agriculture," "Breeding
and Care of Farm Animals,"
"Poultry Raising," "Feeding and
care of Horses," and a quite
a little special reading besides
on various subjects. Of course I
have read a considerable amount
of history, physiography & politics also.
I might say that I have kept

AMERICAN YMCA

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

[illegible]

[illegible] and I [illegible] much to hear more about the farm, but [illegible] know that the French aspect of agriculture is one of the most interesting, complex, and [illegible] little understood [illegible] the majority of those who follow that line of work. Perhaps it would not make as much difference from a practical standpoint whether the writer's understanding of the French system matters of his work, but the study of these things are much worthwhile for their interest and pleasure.

The next thing I want to get your word on [illegible]

In all the mixed political situation and what America is doing about it I am ~~interested~~ to find from the very interesting news notices of the U.S.A. that there is a great awakening in the province of education the duty of God and taking our place among the nations of nations. And I must say one of the ~~things~~ things is that we cannot escape the responsibility when brought as we must when I do so. The U.S. should be governed with the greatest force & unity in the world. They are showing greatness & optimism already

AMERICAN YMCA

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

a post card after the manner of a mad bull standing high priced China-ware.

Lieut. Perring left France yesterday. Crowds filled the great tower standing Waved kisses and felt sure it would turn out a fine U.S.S. Leviathan we shall in a few days be sailing for home.

The U.S.S. Pres. Grant crew have on the 5th the American would on the 6th and the Westminster leaves on the 7th. I am hopeful that I may be in the homeward bound of one or the other of these ships with a decent upgrade to all I am sincerely

Yours.

W.B.C.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS:
1919 -- 1923

The Moustache

Postcards and Letters Home from Captain Stump While He Was In The Reserves

THE MOUSTACHE

One of the most endearing, heart-wrenching, and humorous moments in the family life of W.D. and Clementine when Walter returned from active duty in France during World War I involved the "moustache" that he grew while he was abroad. When Walter was reunited with his wife and his son, Clementine asked two-year-old Harold who the man walking into the house was...without missing a beat, Harold responded with the name of the man next door, the only man whom Harold had ever seen sporting a moustache. Clementine persisted with the phrase, "That's your daddy...", but the ever-wary Harold insisted that the strange man in his house and coming into his life was the man next door.

This story was told to Harold by his parents, and the telling of this tale never ceased to amuse Walter and Clementine and Harold. Alas...it would be a vision of hope for all if families would never again be torn asunder due to the misdeeds of a few.

Camp Knox, Kentucky
July 17, 1923

Dear Tinah,

Will probably leave camp on Sunday and stop off at Indianapolis. Probably will be at Auburn about Monday evening. Will come out to the farm when I get back.

WDS

2035 TURNING THE MESS HALL INTO SLEEPING QUARTERS.

POST CARD

THIS SPACE IS FOR THE ADDRESS

Camp Knox
July 17 1923.

dear Tinah,-
will probably leave
camp on Sunday
and stop off at
Indpls. Probably will
be at Auburn about Monday
evening. Will come out to
the farm when I get back.
WDS

Mrs. W. D. Stump
Cromwell
Indiana

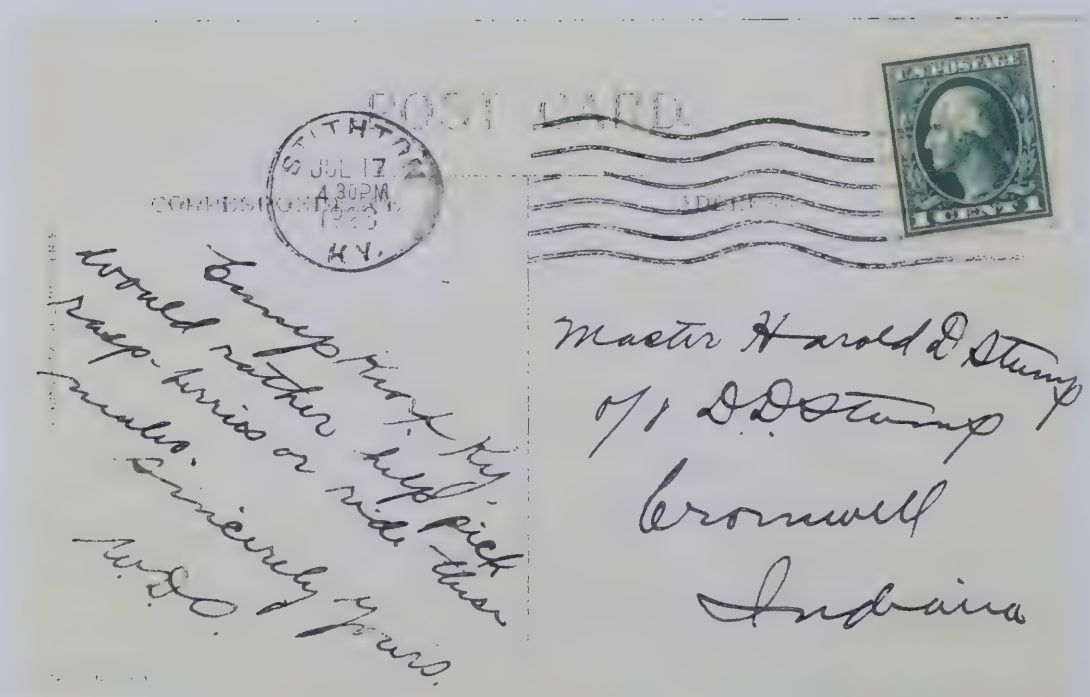
To: Master Harold D. Stump
C/O D.D. Stump
Cromwell, Indiana

Camp Knox, Kentucky,

Would rather help pick raspberries or ride these mules.

Sincerely Yours,
WDS

The Army mules with their big packs,
Strapped so strongly on their backs,
Remind me what I wish to do—
To send a pack of greetings to you



To: Master Harold D. Stump
C/O D.D. Stump
Cromwell, Indiana

Are you and Tinah well and how would you like to eat your breakfast as we do in the army?

Sincerely,
WDS

2022 Eating Their Rations in the Company Street

POST CARD

STITNTD JUL 17 4 30PM

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS

U.S. POSTAGE

Master Harold D. Stump
c/o D.D. Stump
Cromwell
Indiana

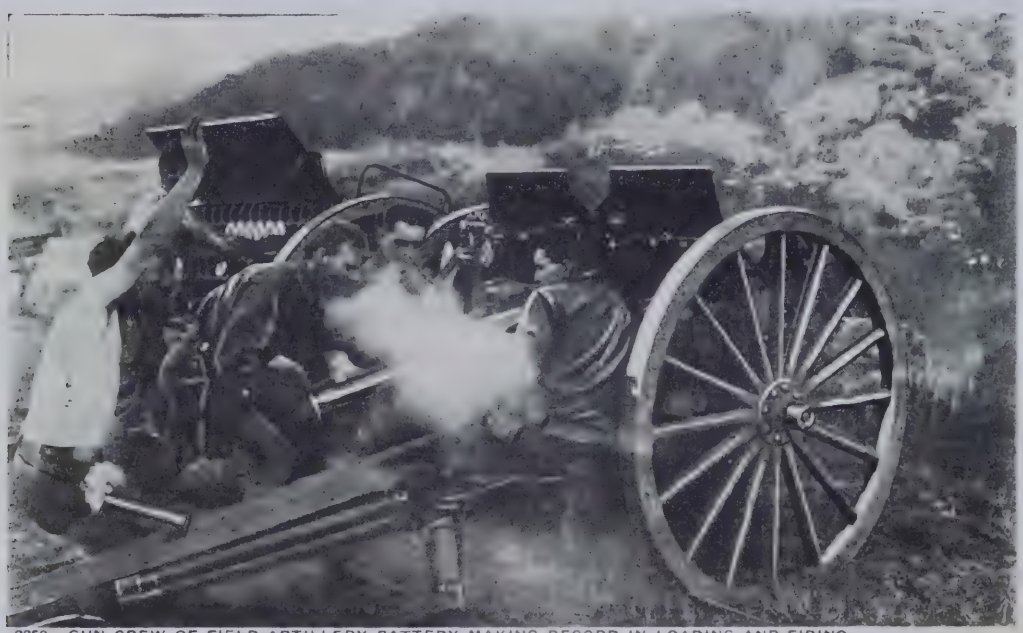
Camp Knox, Kentucky
July 19, 1923

Wednesday Evening:

Dear Tinah:

We have been out in a Divisional maneuver this P.M. and engaged in artillery and machine Gun firing. Take the work very easy. Don't overdo it. Let Harold set the pace.

Sincerely,
WDS



2250. GUN CREW OF FIELD ARTILLERY BATTERY MAKING RECORD IN LOADING AND FIRING.

POST CARD

JUL 13 12 30 PM 1923

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS

U.S. POSTAGE 2 CENTS

Wednesday Evening

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING

Dear Tinah:
We have been out in a Divisional maneuver this P.M. and engaged in artillery & mach. Gun firing.
Take the work very easy. Don't overdo it. Let Harold set the pace.
Sincerely, W.D.S.

Mrs. Wm. D. Stump
Cromwell
Indiana

To: Master Harold D. Stump
C/O D.D. Stump
Cromwell, Indiana

Dear Harold:

I am sending you a card which will show you how the soldiers do their baking out of doors. You certainly did work hard in the berry patch when you gathered 6 quarts.

Sincerely,
WDS

2029 GETTING THE FIELD BAKERY READY FOR THE DAY'S BAKING

POST CARD

JUL 19
1230PM
KY.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS

Dear Harold.
I am sending you a card which will show you how the soldiers do their baking out of doors. You certainly did work hard in the berry patch when you gathered 6 qts. Sincerely W.D.S.

Master Harold D. Stump
C/O D.D. Stump
Cromwell
Indiana

Fort Knox, Kentucky
July 20, 1923

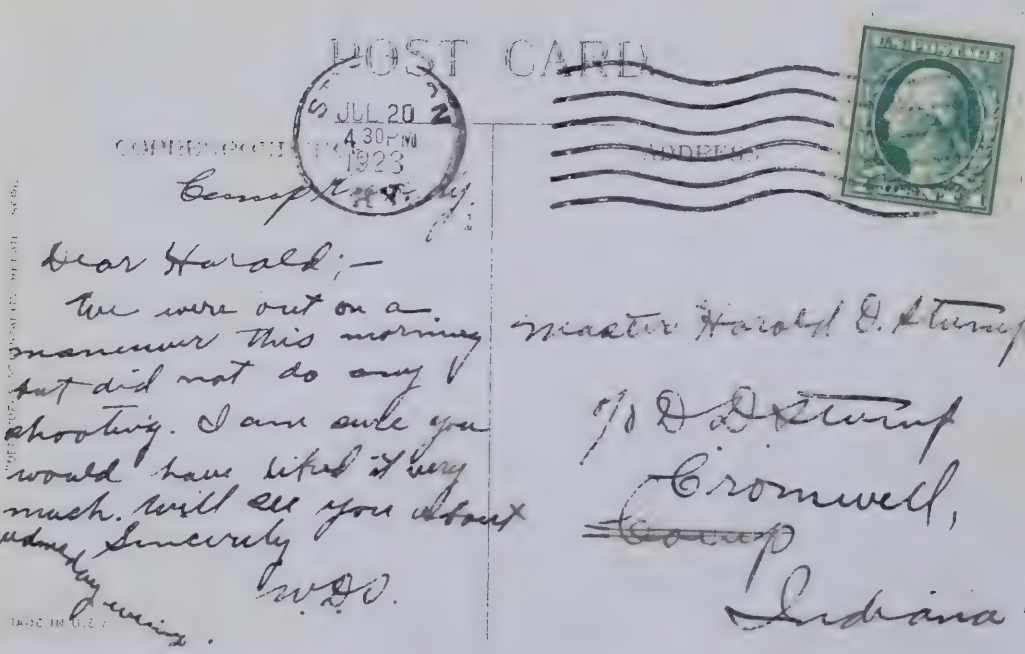
To: Master Harold D. Stump
C/O D.D. Stump
Cromwell, Indiana

Dear Harold:

We were out on a maneuver this morning but did not do any shooting. I am sure you would have like it very much. Will see you about Wednesday evening,

Sincerely,
WDS

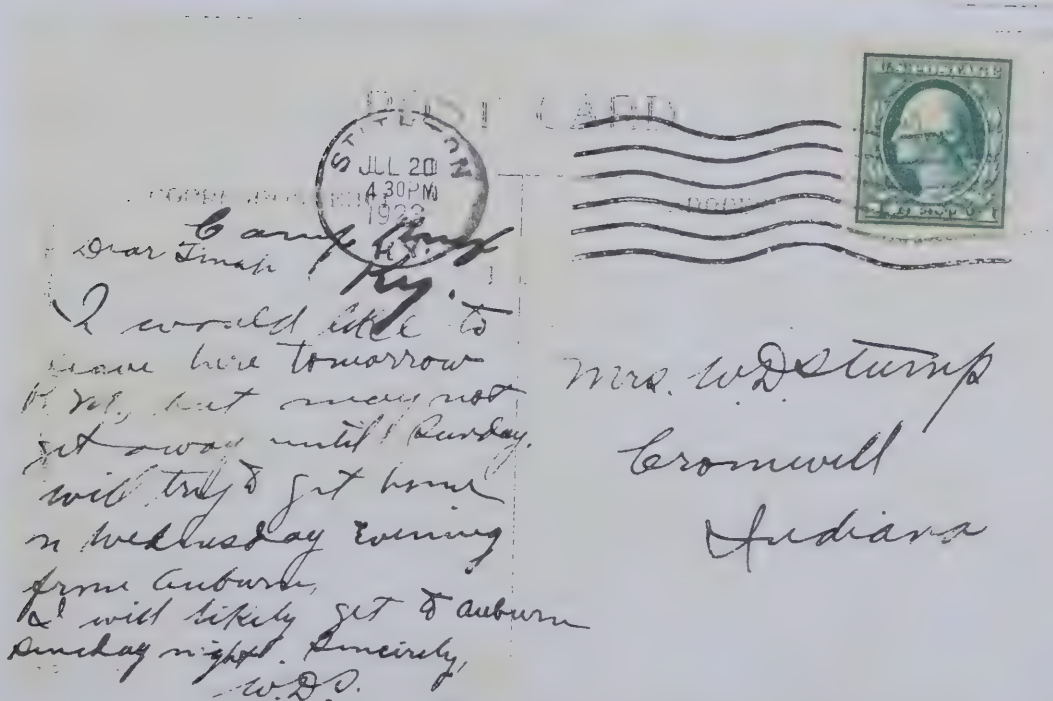
Though the fields be still and white
And the camp fires dimly burn
Know my heart, thru day and night,
Warmly throbs for your return



Dear Tinah,

I would like to leave here tomorrow P.M. but may not get away until Sunday. Will try to get home on Wednesday evening from Auburn. I will likely get to Auburn Sunday night.

Sincerely,
WDS


JUL 20
4 30PM
1922
Dear Tinah
I would like to leave here tomorrow P.M. but may not get away until Sunday. will try to get home Wednesday evening from Auburn, & will likely get to Auburn Sunday night. Sincerely, W.D.S.
Mrs. W.D. Stump
Cromwell
Indiana

POSTCARDS AND IMAGES:

... FROM FORT BOUGUEN, FRANCE AND POST WAR EUROPE DURING W.D. STUMP'S DEPLOYMENT DURING WORLD WAR I...

1917 --- 1919

GENERAL PERSHING INSPECTING
2ND A·I·C·

Sts. Sayer and Pfeiffer

Swift River

Entrance to Fort Douglas prison camp

Copyright
by Dr. Sir Robert
Laurier.

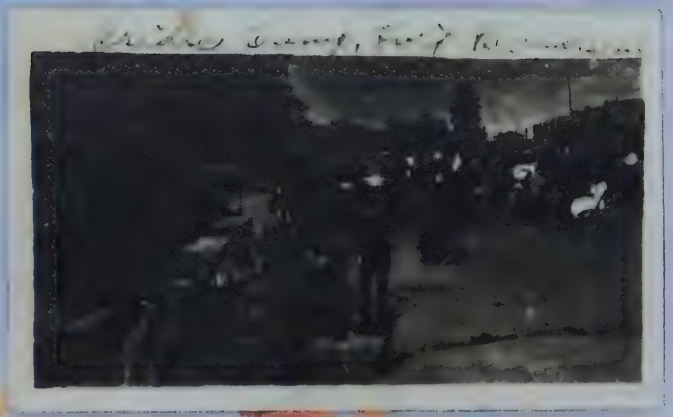
Taken in 1915 of Fort Douglas prison camp
[illegible] it was [illegible]
by the British [illegible]

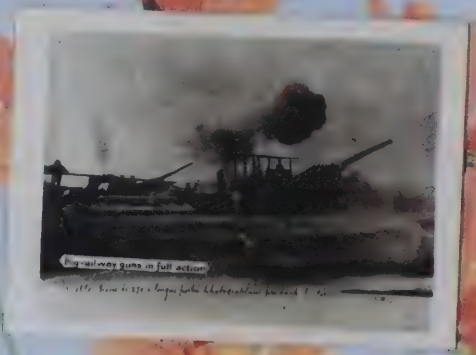
28

Boom prison camp.

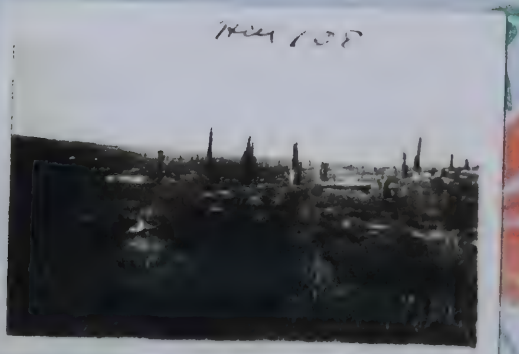
Major Morris

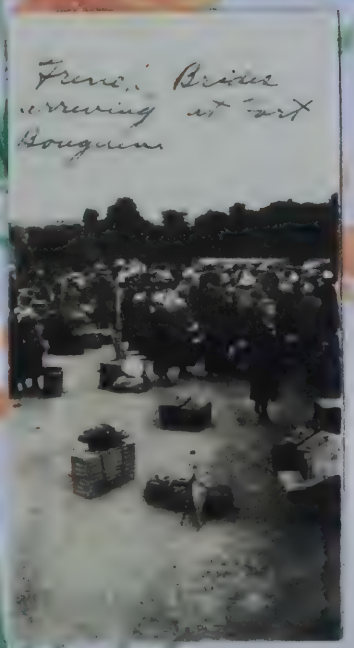
American

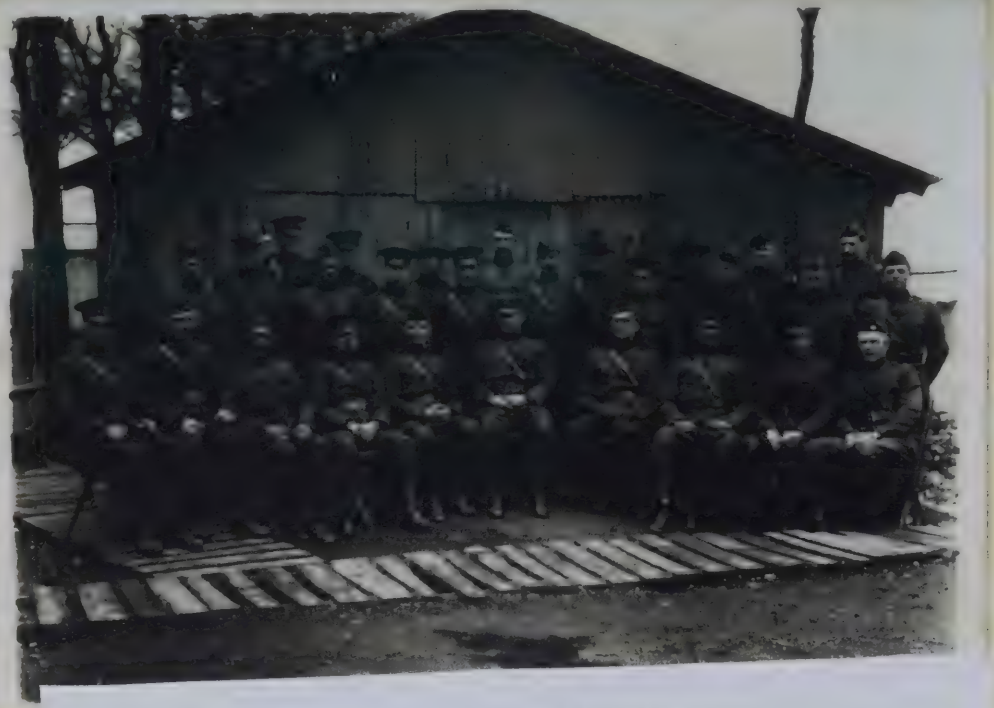



Big railway guns in full action

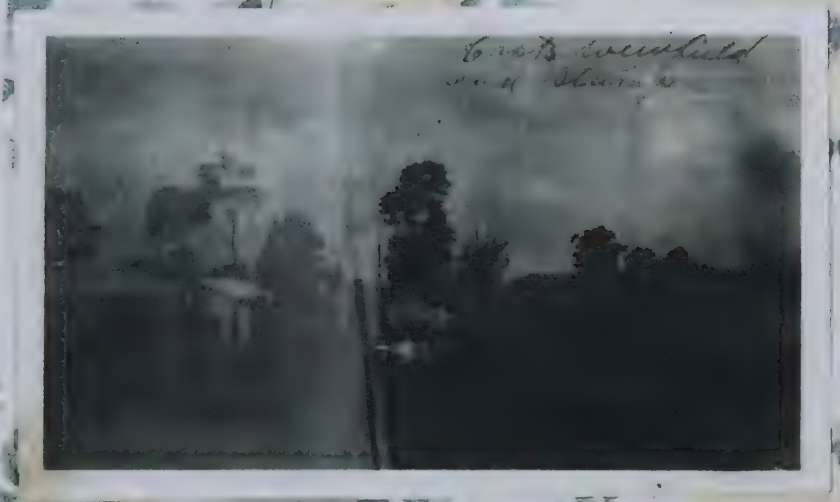
logging teams in Wood.

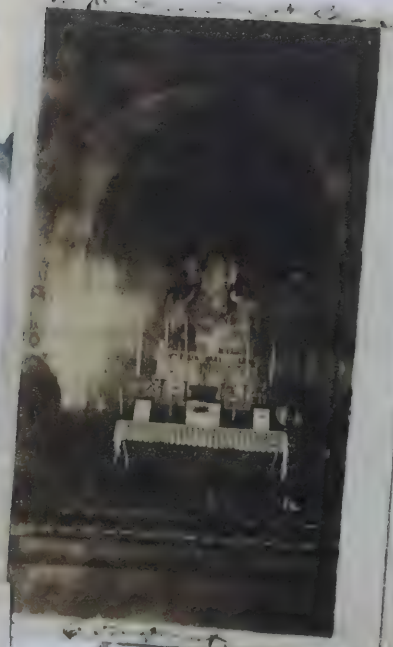


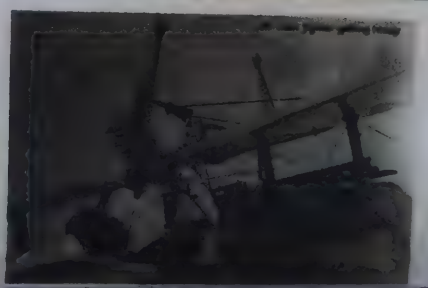

French Brides
viewing at Fort
Bougeau

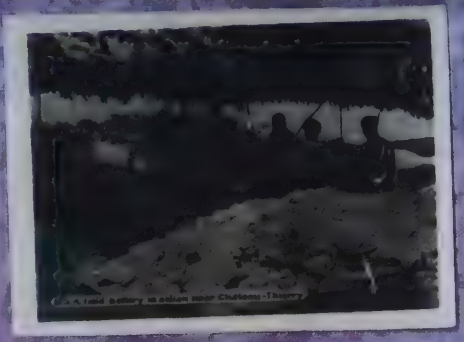


WALTER D. STUMP IS THE SECOND MAN SEATED FROM THE LEFT SPORTING A MOUSTACHE

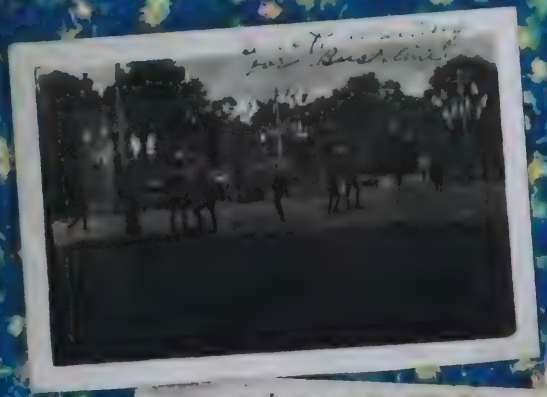


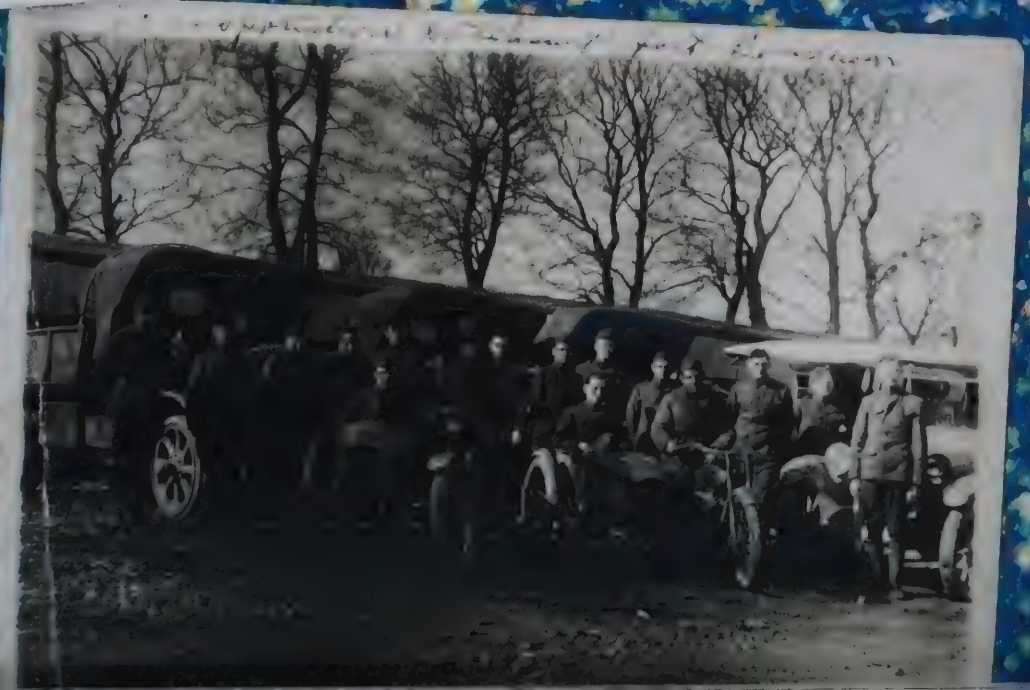






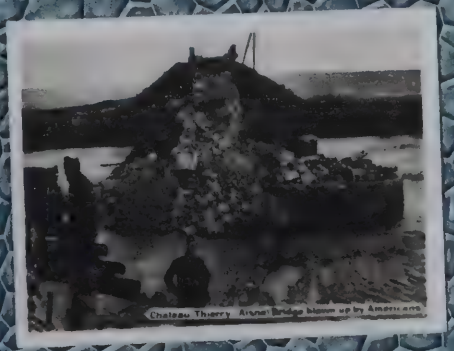
Road to Firing Range

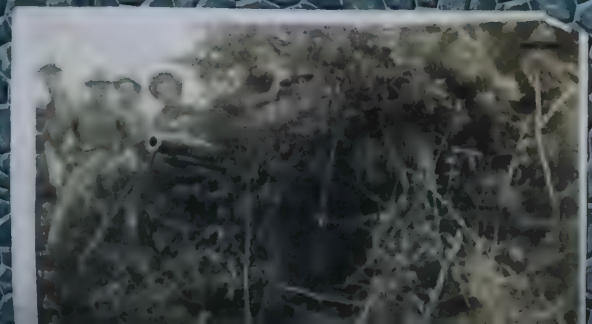


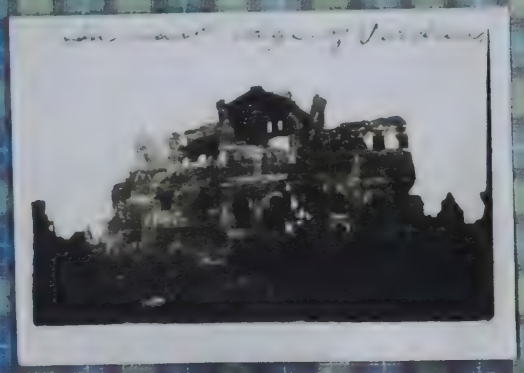


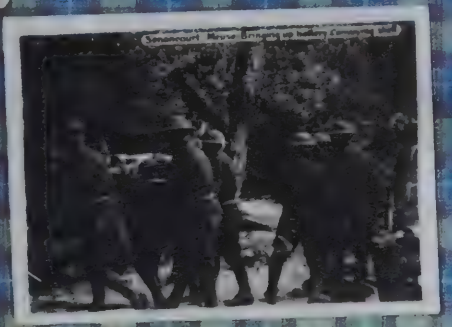
Motor Park

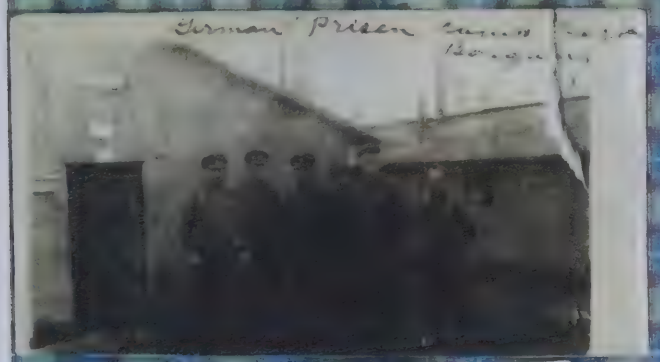
178. - BREST. - Le Château et la Place


Chateau Thierry. Arcueil Bridge blown up by Americans

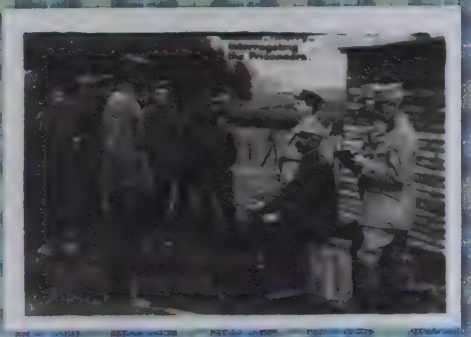


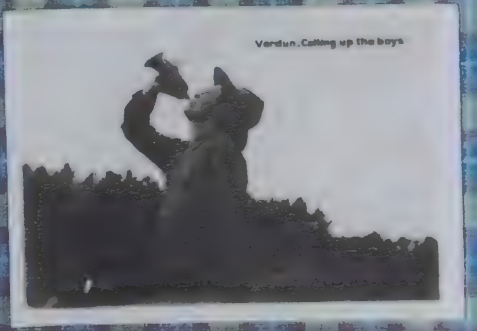


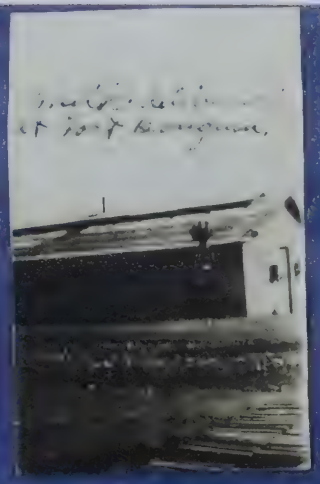


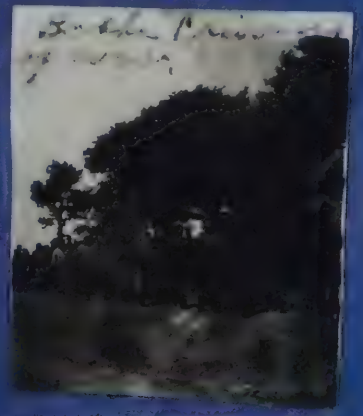


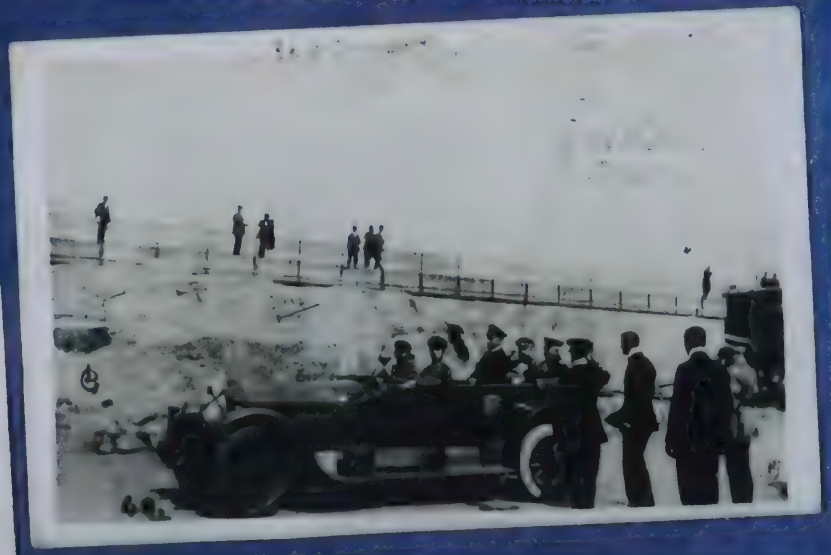
Conveying the observation balloon



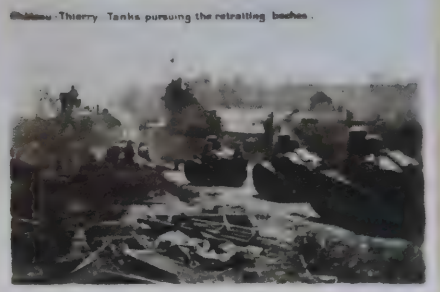

Verdun. Calling up the boys





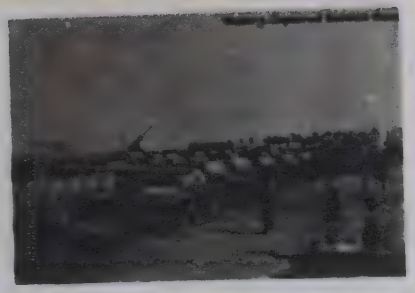


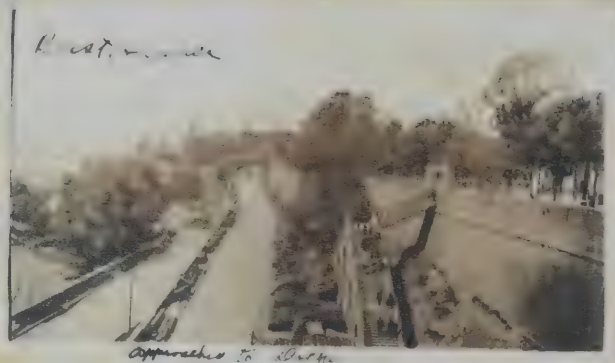
Corral of Bat. E. 137th F.A.



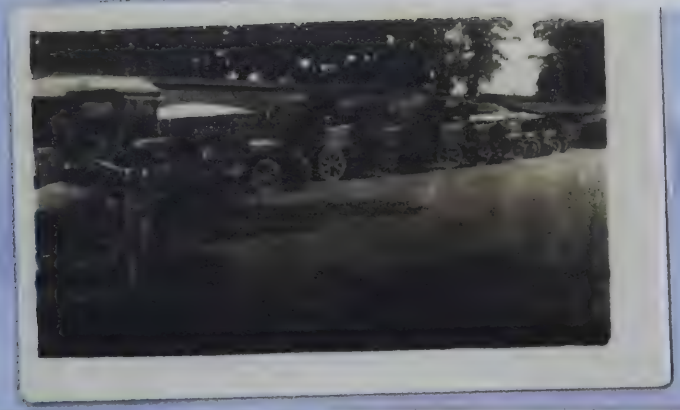
Château-Thierry. Tanks pursuing the retreating boches.

Explosion of German Time Bomb in Cambrai Road

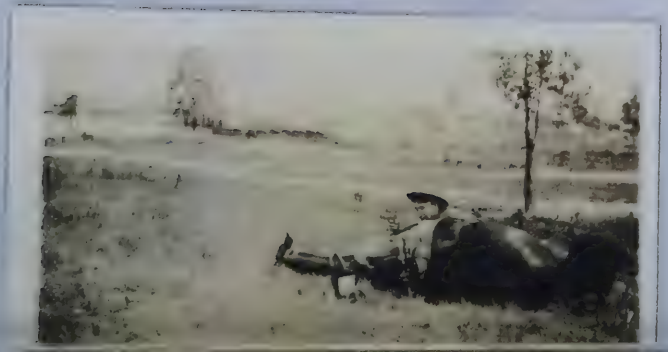




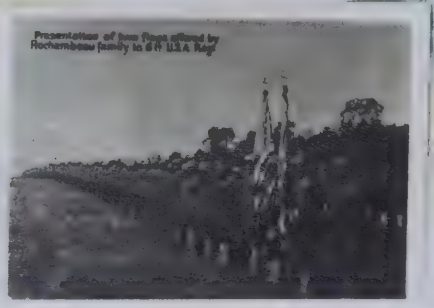
Approaches to Bath

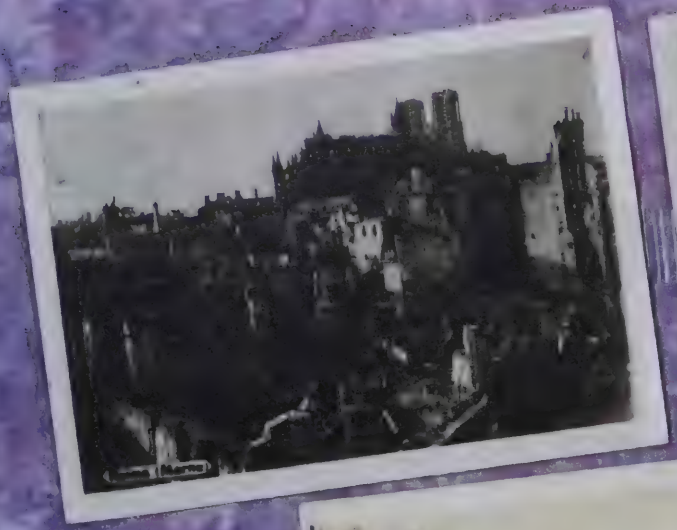


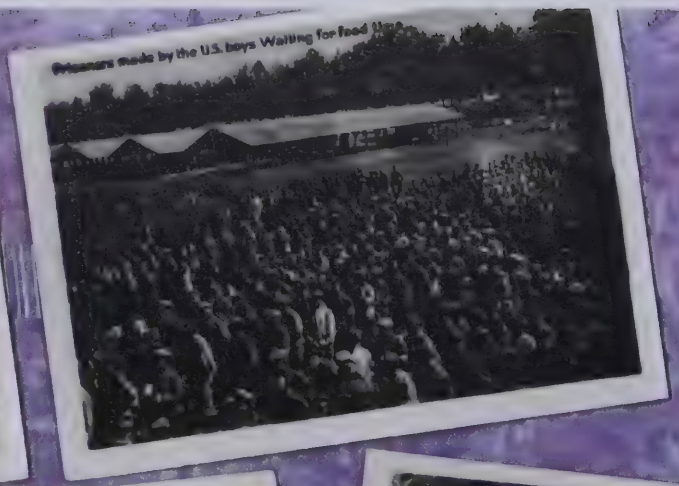
Capt. Guynemer in Full Flight.

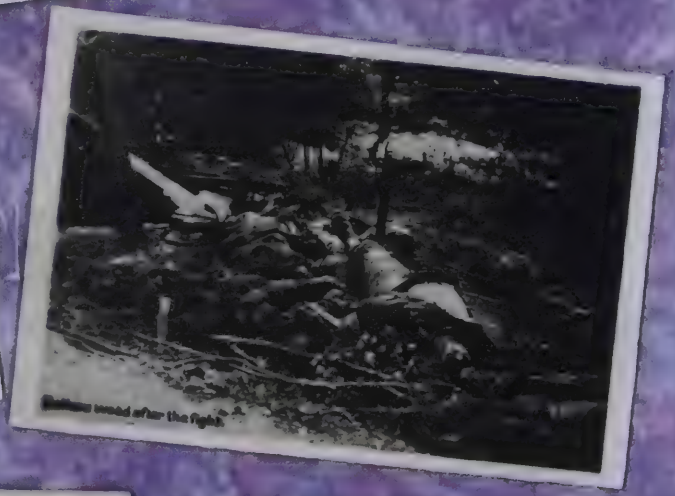


Saturday P. M.

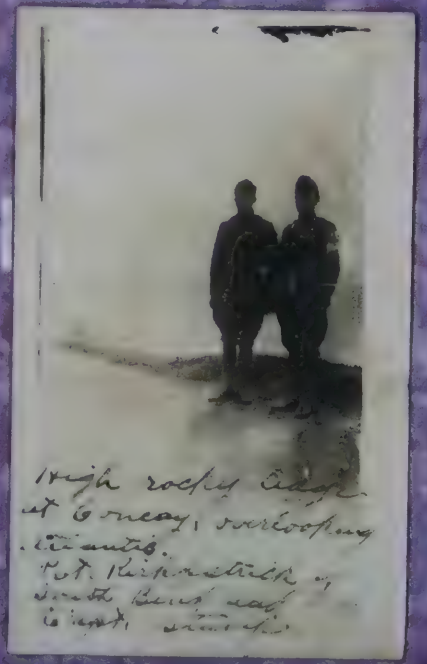

Presentation of two flags offered by
Rochambeau family to 64 U.S.A. Reg



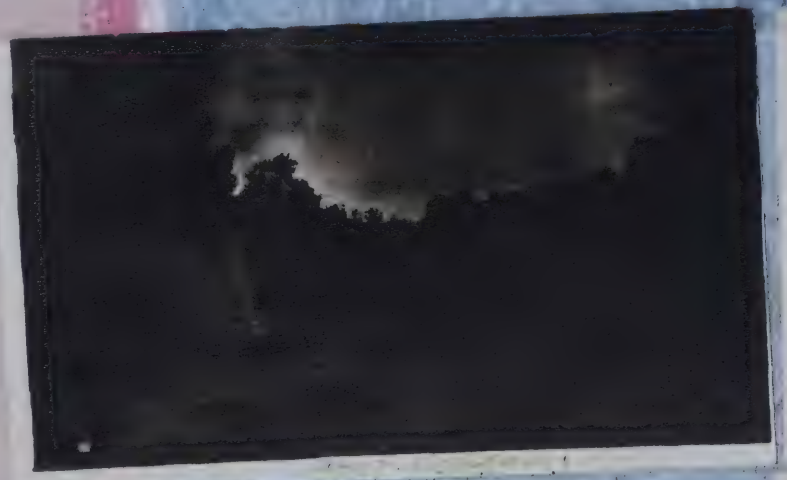

Prisoners made by the U.S. boys Waiting for food line


Germans invaded after the fight

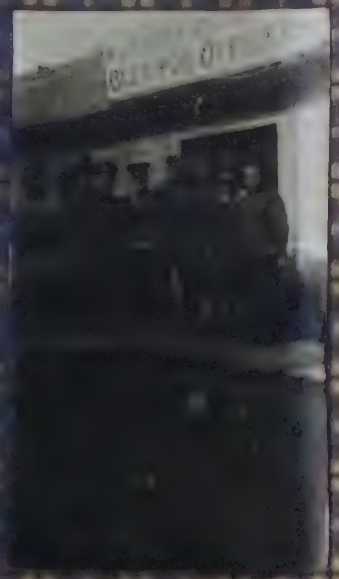
The ascent of observation balloon


High rocky ridge
at Conway, overlooking
Plaintiffs.
Pvt. Kirkendall
South Bend Ind
Co. H 1st Inf.

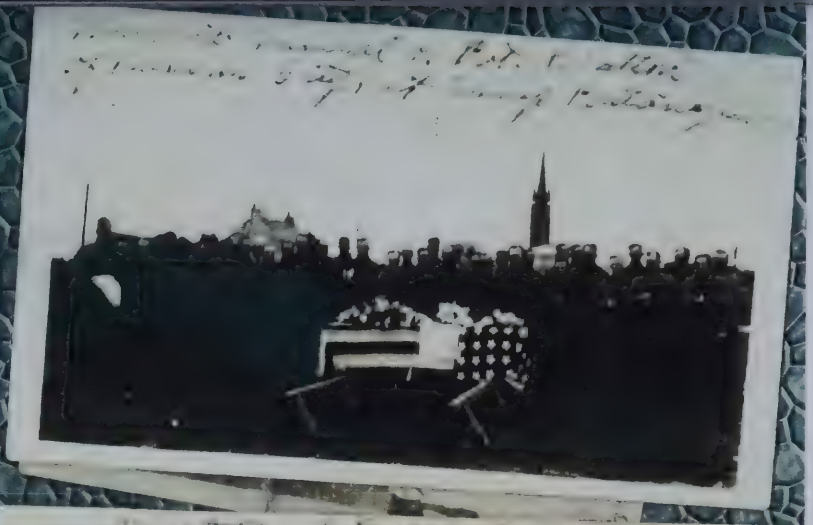
Sunday 8 th

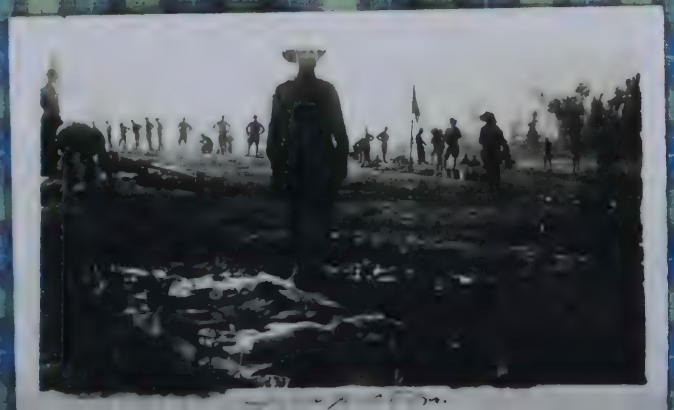


Major Moody

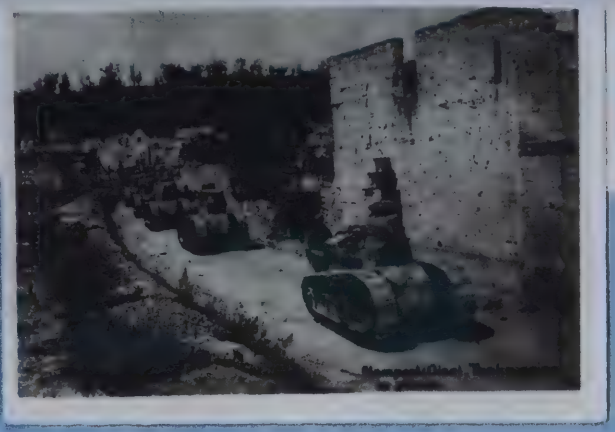


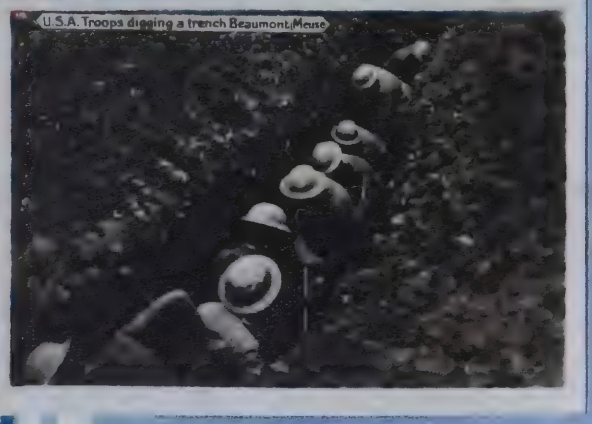
Battery Drill



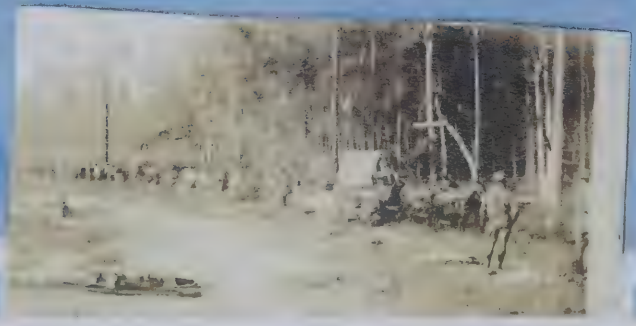


Marshall Foch and
Général Pershing




U.S.A. Troops digging a trench Beaumont, Meuse

German dead



Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2083

2. REIMS. — 11 Sept. 1914. — Intérieur de la cathédrale transformé en ambulance allemande.
Interior of the cathedral transformed into German ambulance.

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2184

8. — REIMS. — Blessé allemand carbonisé dans la cathédrale par les obus incendiaires allemands.
Wounded German carbonized in the cathedral by German firing shells.

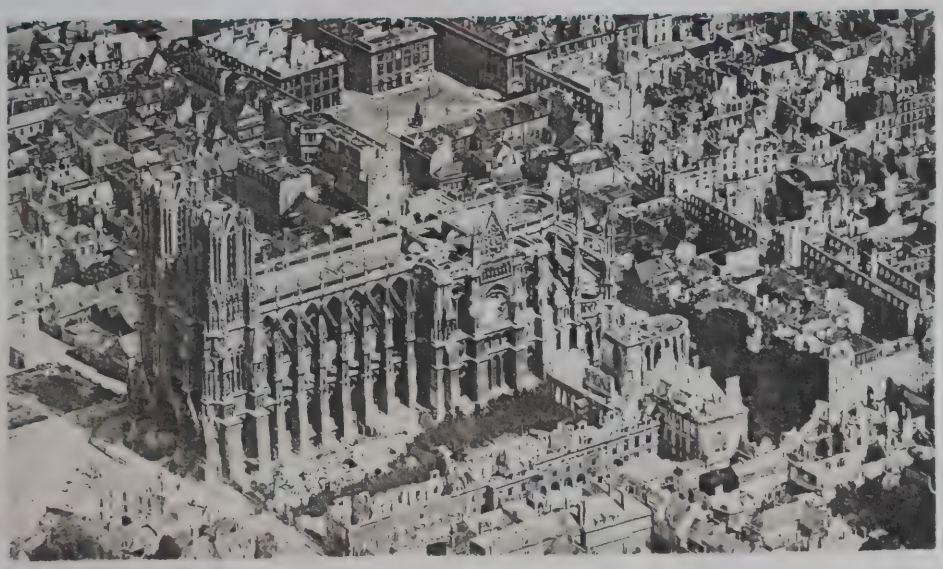
POSTCARDS BROUGHT HOME FROM FRANCE BY WALTER

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2147

17. — REIMS. — Sept. 1914. — Le quartier Cérès en feu vu du transept de la cathédrale.
RHEIMS. — Sept. 1914. — Ceres quarter burning seen from the transept of the cathedral

17. **PARIS** — *La Grande Roue et la Tour Eiffel* C. M.



Jules Ataol, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2156

16. — REIMS — La cathedrale et la place Royale vues en avion.
RHEIMS.— The cathedral and Royal square seen from airplane

Jules Ataol, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2188

21 — REIMS — La fontaine Subleyras et la statue de l'Europe après les bombardements
RHEIMS. — Fountain Subleyras and statue of Europe after the bombardments

1283. **PARIS** (16e arrt) – *Bois de Boulogne et Bas Passy*

23. **PARIS** (8e arrt) -- *Le Petit Palais des Champs-Élysées* C. M.

10. **PARIS** (8e arrt) — *Le Grand Palais des Champs-Élysées* C. M.

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS
VISE
2185

25 — REIMS. — Hôtel-de-Ville le jour de l'invasion allemande (4 sept. 1914)
RHEIMS. — City-Hall the day of german invasion (sept. 4th 1914)

PARIS
VISE
2188

24. — REIMS. — La rue de Vesle détruite.
RHEIMS. — Rue de Vesle destroyed.

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS
VISE
2096

18 — REIMS. — Un quartier après les premiers jours de la mise à sac par les Prussiens
RHEIMS. — A quarter after the bombardment succeeding from the sack by the Prussians

172. **PARIS** — *Vue Générale du Pont Alexandre III* C. M.

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS
VISÉ
2180

30. — REIMS. — La Visite du Président Wilson le 26 Janvier 1919
RHEIMS. — President Wilson's visit the 26th January 1919

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS
VISÉ
2155

1. — REIMS. — 6 Sept. 1914. 16 heures — Les Allemands campent sur la place du Parvis.
RHEIMS. — September 6th 1914 — 4 o'clock. — The Germans camp on Parvis square.

Jules Matol, édit. Reims

PARIS
VISE
2096

3. — REIMS. — 19 Sept. 1914. 15 heures. — Les obus ennemis mettent le feu à la cathédrale
RHEIMS. — September 19th 1914. 3 o'clock. — Enemy's shells set the cathedral on fire

15. **PARIS** — *Le Trocadéro, vu sous la Tour Eiffel* C. M.

Jules Matol, édit. Reims

PARIS
VISE
2152

29. — REIMS. — Place de la République dans son état actuel
RHEIMS — Republic Square in its actual condition

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

Ch. hé I. Serpe

PARIS VISE 2167

4. — REIMS — 19 Sept. 1914. 15 heures — Les obus ennemis mettent le feu à la cathédrale
RHEIMS. — Sept. 19th 1914. 3 o'clock. Enemy's shells set the cathedral on fire

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2142

9. — REIMS. — 23 Sept. 1914. — La voûte de la Cathédrale après le bombardement du 19 Septembre 1914
RHEIMS. — September 23th 1914. — Vault of the Cathedral after the bombardment of Sept. 19th 1914

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2163

7. — REIMS. — 19 Sept. 1914. — Les cloches de la Tour Nord de la Cathédrale tombent sous le bombardement
RHEIMS. — September 19th. 1914. — The bells of the North Tower of the Cathedral fall under bombardment

Cliché H. F. Mreuet

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

20. REIMS. - Intérieur de la Basilique Saint-Rémi après les bombardements.
RHEIMS. — Interior of St Remi Basilica after the bombardments.

Cliché L. Laurent

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2161

23. — REIMS. — Eglise St-André après les bombardements
RHEIMS. — St-André church after the bombardments.

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE

22. — REIMS. — Eglise St-Jacques dans son état actuel

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE

19. — REIMS. — L'Abside de la Basilique Saint-Remi percée par les obus

Cliché J. Serpe

PARIS VISE 2149

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

11. — REIMS. — La statue de Jeanne d'Arc après les bombardements
RHEIMS. — Joan of Arc statue after the bombardments.

PARIS VISE 2159

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

10. — REIMS. — 23 Sept. 1914. — Portail de la Cathédrale (côté Nord)
après le bombardement et l'incendie du 19 Sept. 1914
RHEIMS. — September 23th 1914. — Porch of the Cathedral (north side)
after the bombardment and fire of September 19th 1914.

PARIS VISE 2150

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

28. REIMS — Hôtel-de-Ville après son incendie
RHEIMS — City-hall after its conflagration

Jules Katol, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2151

15. — REIMS. — La cathédrale (côté sud) vue de la rue Brûlée
RHEIMS. — The cathedral (south side) seen from Brûlée street

Jules Katol, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2097

26. — REIMS. — Hôtel-de-Ville en feu.
RHEIMS. — City-hall burning.

Jules Katol, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2160

13 — REIMS. — Intérieur de la cathédrale en 1919
RHEIMS. — Interior of the cathedral in 1919

Jules Katol, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2152

27 — REIMS — Hôtel-de-Ville en feu
RHEIMS — City-hall burning

18. PARIS — *La Tour Saint-Jacques*
53 metres de hauteur
Pascal fit sur cette Tour
des expériences
sur la pesanteur de l'air
C. M.

PARIS VISE 2095

6. — REIMS — 19 Sept. 1914, 17 heures. — La cathédrale en feu.
RHEIMS. — The cathedral burning
Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2094

5. — REIMS. — 19 Sept. 1914, 15h 30.
Le feu gagne l'ensemble de la cathédrale
The fire reaches the whole of the cathedral.

Jules Matot, édit. Reims

PARIS VISE 2157

12. — REIMS. — La cathédrale après le bombardement
et l'incendie du 19 septembre 1914.
RHEIMS. — The cathedral after the bombardment
and fire of september 19th 1914. *Matot, édit. Reims*

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